

NEW YORK Saturday Star Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PICTURE & PLEASURE

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BRADLEY AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00. One copy, one year, 2.00. Two copies, one year, 3.00.)

No. 130.

BABY BELLE.

BY MATTIE DYER BENTTS.

If you'll come into our cottage I will show you something rare,
Never artist's cunning pencil traced a picture half so fair,
Never poet dreamed a vision brighter than our darling's face,
Every feature perfect beauty—every motion perfect grace!
And we love her, oh, we love her, more than ever words can tell,
Little winsome, weesome fairy, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Sitting on the cottage floor, playing with her tiny shoe,
Little fingers fair and dimpled, arms and shoulders dimpled, too;
Eyes as blue as summer blossoms, tiny teeth as white as pearls,
And the golden sunlight gleaming on each brighter golden curl—
Don't you think we ought to love her more than ever words can tell,
Little winsome, weesome darling, bonny, bright-eyed Baby Belle!

Kings may have their crowns and diamonds, and their robes of purple hue,
Downy beds and sumptuous chambers—keep their wealth and welcome, too,
We don't envy all their treasures while we have this little gem,
Far more precious to our bosoms than their jewels are to them,
For we love her, yes, we love her, more than words can ever tell,
Weesome, winsome, darling baby, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

We've no store of earthly treasure, we have neither lands nor gold—
Yet our cottage holds one precious jewel worth a price untold,
And we thank our Gracious Father that he trusted to our care
Such a stainless little spirit, with an outward form so fair,
And we love her, oh, we love her, more than ever words can tell,
Little winsome, weesome angel, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Once, on earth, the Heavenly Master took such little ones as these,
Held them to his tender bosom, set them kindly on his knees,
And he spoke to those around him, in those gentle tones of His,
"Bring such little ones unto me, for of such my kingdom is."
Ah, no wonder that we love her, more than words can ever tell,
Jesus left a blessing for her! bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

The Wronged Heiress: OR, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?," "RAFFLES," "ON THE DECEASED PROPERTIES," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM BREYER'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE LETTER.

BREAKFAST was just over at Woodlawn, a handsome villa situated near Hoboken, only a few hundred yards from the banks of the North river.

The breakfast-room had not yet been deserted. Its occupants on this particular morning of which we write, were a gentleman and two ladies.

The gentleman is the master of the house—Jasper Laudersdale. He sits with yesterday's paper spread out on the table before him. He is a handsome, somewhat florid-looking man, of about fifty years of age.

His wife faces him at the table. Though nearly as old as her husband, she is still a rarely beautiful woman. Her lips may be a trifle too sharply cleft, her bright dark eyes a shade too keen and piercing, but every thing about this woman is in perfect harmony—even to the plain black silk mourning-dress she wears—and the effect, as a whole, is pleasing.

The third person who makes up this little party, is a young lady, and bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Laudersdale. There is the same grace of movement, the same magnificent dark hair and eyes, the same sharply-cut lips. She is, in fact, Mrs. Laudersdale's daughter by a former husband—Miss Marcia Denvil.

Mr. Laudersdale seemed absorbed in his paper. Marcia and her mother were discussing a ball they had attended the evening before. Presently the door opened almost noiselessly, and a very meek-looking young woman entered the apartment.

This person was Jane Burt, Mrs. Laudersdale's confidential maid.

"Has the postman come?" said Mr. Laudersdale, looking up as she silently crossed the floor.

"Yes, sir."

"Any letters?"

Jane laid the morning papers on the table at her master's elbow.

"Those are all, sir," she said, quietly.

"There were no letters."

Instead of looking at Mr. Laudersdale when she answered, her sober eyes were bent fixedly on her mistress's face, and in a manner pregnant with meaning.

She left the breakfast-room, however, without giving utterance to another word.

Mrs. Laudersdale rose hastily, excused herself, and followed the maid out.

As she had expected, she found Jane waiting for her in the hall.

"What is it?" she said in a low, impatient tone of voice, going straight up to the spot where the maid was standing. "You want something of me?"

Jane compressed her thin lips and looked steadily at her mistress for at least a minute before she answered.



"Granny's dead!" she exclaimed; "and you, you," pointing at Mrs. Laudersdale, "have killed her!"

"I told master a lie," she said, at last.

"There is a letter."

"For him?"

"For him."

"Let me see it."

Jane put her hand in her apron-pocket and produced a letter, which she gave to Mrs. Laudersdale; then she drew back a step or two, and watched with unconcealed curiosity the effect it produced on her mistress.

Mrs. Laudersdale uttered an exclamation, and paled visibly as she looked at the letter.

It was inclosed in a brown envelope, not over clean. The address was written in a tremulous, nearly illegible hand that seemed perfectly familiar to Mrs. Laudersdale.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Why is this letter addressed to him—to my husband?"

Jane smiled slightly. "That is precisely what I would like to know," she said.

"Hush!" Mrs. Laudersdale caught Jane almost fiercely by the arm. "Explain yourself," she hissed, "what do you see that is strange in this matter?"

"Those letters have frequently come to this house before now."

"Yes."

"And they have, invariably, been addressed to yourself."

The two women eyed each other in silence. Mrs. Laudersdale's color had not come back, and she was even trembling.

Jane was the first to speak. "Now you know why I did not give that letter to master when he asked for the mail. I was not sure you would wish him to see it."

"You did right, Jane. He must know nothing of it."

"Now, or ever?"

"Now, or ever."

Mrs. Laudersdale struggled hard for her composure, and regained it.

"Jane," she said, "you are a faithful creature. How can I reward you?"

"I saw a pearl bracelet at Tiffany's the other day that would exactly match my gray silk," was the ready answer.

"You shall have the bracelet."

"And you shall have every letter that comes to the house in that handwriting, no matter to whom it may be addressed."

"What do you know of those letters, Jane?"

"Nothing much. That they are post-marked Berlin, a village somewhere down on the Jersey coast. And that they are of signal interest to yourself."

She smiled quietly to herself as she answered.

"I should have been ruined if this letter had fallen into the hands of my husband," Mrs. Laudersdale exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of emotion.

"I suspected as much."

"You are a jewel, Jane!"

"I know how to butter my own bread," was the brutal reply.

Mrs. Laudersdale turned round with the letter pushed into the bosom of her dress, and was moving toward the staircase, when her quick eye caught sight of a man's dark, evil-looking face pushed in at a door near the lower end of the hall.

This man was Bill Cuppings, the groom, a person she had reason both to fear and dislike.

He was stealthily watching her. Mrs. Laudersdale paled again, and caught giddily at the balusters. But after a momentary hesitation, she passed on up the stairs, as if she had seen nobody.

"Heavens!" she hissed, between her firm white teeth, when the door of her dressing-room was once secured against all intruders.

"I wonder if that devil had been eaves-dropping? I wonder if he heard aught of what passed between Jane and me?"

She sat down by the open window, breathing heavily. Some minutes elapsed before she could summon the courage to read the letter which Jane had so dishonorably detained for her benefit.

"Something is wrong," she muttered, looking earnestly at her husband's name on the dirty envelope. "Otherwise Granny Wells would never have written to him. I fear she intends to betray me."

She tore open the letter, her whole ex-

pression changing as she read it. Her lips shut sharply together; her dark eyes shot forth sparks of fire; her bosom heaved; her face became the face of a beautiful fury.

The letter ran thus:

"JASPER LAUDERSDALE:—I have not long to live. But there's something weighing on my mind that I must tell you before I die. It's a secret that concerns yourself. I must see you! If you value your own happiness, don't disregard these lines, but come at once to Berlin, and ask for Granny Wells. Don't delay, or you'll be too late. And above all, don't say one word of this letter, or of your destination, to your wife. Come, come, come! Don't let me die with my sin unconfessed."

This was all. But the perusal of these lines had produced a fearful effect on Mrs. Laudersdale. She was fairly livid with passion.

"And so the old hag would have betrayed me," she panted. "Ah, just Heaven! it was a narrow escape. I must look to her. She shall not baffle me at this late stage in the game. No, no. And she must not be given the opportunity to send other messages. The risk is too great. I will go down to Berlin myself this very day, and—"

She did not finish the sentence, but the expression of her countenance as she crunched the letter up in her hand was terrible.

After a minute's thinking, she threw the paper on the table and passed into her bedroom, which opened from the dressing-room. Here she made some hasty changes in her toilet. They were scarcely completed when she heard a hurried movement in the room she had so recently quitted.

Looking eagerly for the letter she had so thoughtlessly thrown down, and finding it not, she darted to the door and flung it open.

A man stood by her toilet-table, leisurely smoothing the crumpled paper upon it.

She ran up to him, tore the letter from his hand, and made a thousand pieces of it. The daring intruder was Bill Cuppings, the groom.

"You here?" she snarled, facing him like some animal at bay.

He coolly regarded her.

"Why not?" he asked.

"This is my private room. How dare you cross the threshold?"

"I didn't cross the threshold," he replied, nodding his head in the direction of the open window. "Don't you see the balcony out yonder? That is the way I gained admittance to the room."

Of course it was. Mrs. Laudersdale remembered now that she had locked the door on coming in.

"Why are you here?" she asked, white with rage.

"I wanted to see what was in that letter you and Jane were so sly over. And I have succeeded."

She dropped into a chair, actually gasping for breath. Cold beads of perspiration came out and stood upon her forehead. Bill Cuppings folded his arms and stood looking at her, with an ugly sneer curling his under lip.

"You don't do right in refusing me your confidence, Martha," he resumed, in a familiar way. "You compel me to hunt up your secrets for myself, and that isn't pleasant, besides causing a world of trouble. You and I have been engaged in too many questionable schemes to go back on each other now. It is too late in the day to trust me by halves."

Mrs. Laudersdale felt, in every shrinking nerve of her body, that he had spoken truly. "Yes, Bill," she said, after a short silence, "it is too late, and I will trust you. But not now. I haven't the time to tell you what that letter means to me. I expect soon to have need of your services; then you shall know all."

He looked at her half-distrustfully. "You are going to Berlin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who goes with you?"

"I had thought to go alone. But I believe I will take Jane."

"Humph! You might as well. I will wait here for your return. If you are not perfectly candid with me then, I shall go down to Berlin on my own hook. And, in that case, I may be tempted to inform master of the discoveries I make."

The wicked woman bore his gaze unshrinking. "There will be no necessity for that," she said, in a calm, cool tone of voice. "I think you and I understand each other, Bill."

"I think we do," he returned, significantly.

"Go, now, before anybody comes to find you here."

He laughed jeeringly. "It wouldn't be pleasant to have it known that I have the audacity to visit my mistress's dressing-room, and read her private correspondence—or, worse still, the confiscated letters addressed to her husband."

Mrs. Laudersdale disdained to reply to the sneer conveyed in these words. Perhaps she feared to exasperate the man.

Cuppings stood regarding her a moment longer, an assured smile still playing about his lips. Then he turned, vaulted over the window-ledge, and disappeared on the balcony that ran along that side of the house.

When she had taken time fully to regain her composure, Mrs. Laudersdale rung the bell for Jane.

"I am compelled to take a sudden journey," she said, when the maid put in an appearance. "You are to accompany me. Dress yourself as quickly as possible."

Jane smiled, knowingly. "Does master know of this?" she asked.

"No. I shall tell him we are going to spend the night with a friend in the city. Take nothing along. We must not arouse his suspicions."

"Are we going to Berlin?"

"We are going to Berlin."

"Ah," said Jane, "I see."

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BERLIN.

It was already dark when Mrs. Laudersdale, accompanied by her maid, reached her destination.

On the way from New York she had confided to the faithful but unscrupulous Jane as many as she dared of her reasons for taking this sudden journey to Berlin.

The night was bright with starlight when the two women wended their way upward from the low-browed inn squatted on the bleak Jersey shore, where the stage-coach had left them.

Before them, as they hurried on, the night seemed to drop down curtain after curtain of opaque darkness, through which all material objects looked ghastly and spectral; at no great distance the worn and haggard tide came tramping in with a low but thunderous tread.

However, Mrs. Laudersdale took no notice of external objects. Keeping fast hold of Jane's hand, she hurried onward through the darkness with a fierce, almost manlike stride that plainly betrayed the intensely excited state of her mind.

"Good God!" she muttered, between her shut teeth. "Granny Wells may already have told my secret to that pink-faced girl! She may have told it to others!"

"To what girl do you refer?" asked Jane, not a little surprised. "You have told me of none."

"I had reference to the old woman's grand-daughter, Mabel Trevor," replied Mrs. Laudersdale, though not without a show of hesitation.

Jane merely gave utterance to an expressive "Humph!"

"There's the house," said Mrs. Laudersdale, presently, pointing out a gleam of

light faintly perceptible through the furzy bushes that now obstructed their way. "Keep your wits about you, Jane. There's no telling to what desperate measures the old hag may not drive us."

They approached the hovel—for it was scarcely more than that—and Mrs. Landersdale, who seemed perfectly familiar with the premises, pushed open the door without the slightest hesitation.

The next instant the two women found themselves in a miserable little room furnished with a pallet-bed, a deal table, and some dilapidated chairs.

Upon the bed a wretched old woman was lying—a horribly ghastly skeleton, with a skin yellow as parchment, sunken, lusterless eyes, bloodless lips, and a mass of gray, unkempt hair flooding the pillow.

The clammy dampness of approaching dissolution was already gathering on the brow of the pitiable creature.

On the hard floor by the bedside knelt a young girl of some seventeen years of age, who was such a miracle of grace and beauty as to seem strangely out of place in that miserable hole.

She had a sweet, star-like face, with a skin like wax in its creamy whiteness, eyes blue as a fringed gentian growing on some shady bank, lips tinged of a sumptuous carmine, and a profusion of silky hair that fell away from her brow to roll over her alabaster shoulders in a torrent of dull, dead gold.

Of course this was the girl to whom Mrs. Landersdale had referred when she spoke of Mabel Trevor.

She started quickly to her feet, a flush of surprise overspreading her lovely face as the intruders burst so unceremoniously into the hut.

Their appearance had a still more startling effect on the old woman. She suddenly raised herself from the pillow, and fixing her filmy eyes on Mrs. Landersdale's face, screamed out, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Woman! fiend! why are you here?" "Hush!" said Mrs. Landersdale, sternly, as she approached the bed. "I came to see you."

A singular change swept over the features of the poor, dying wretch. She flung back on the pillow again. "It was Jasper Landersdale I wanted to see," she moaned. "Not you—not you!"

"I know that very well," said Mrs. Landersdale. "I sent him a letter. Devil, temptress, you didn't dare—"

"He never received that letter," interrupted Mrs. Landersdale, coolly, after having glanced scorchingly round the apartment to make sure that nobody was present save the girl and Jane.

"Oh, God forgive me!" "You intended to betray me," said Mrs. Landersdale. "You would have told my husband every thing. With one word you would have destroyed the cherished scheme of years."

"Yes," said the old woman, "I would have told him every thing. I've been wicked, wicked. And you, fiend that you are, shaking her skinny fist in Mrs. Landersdale's face, 'have been my evil genius. You've tempted me to do wrong when I wouldn't have thought of such a thing but for you. Oh, let me atone, for God's sake let me atone, so far as is in my power, before I die!'"

Mrs. Landersdale put her lips close to the ear of the dying sinner. "What do you mean by that word 'atone'?" she whispered.

"How would you atone?" "By telling your husband the truth, as I said afore. And by letting Mabel know just who and what she be!"

"Does she not know already?" "No, I felt tempted to tell her. But it seemed best to wait until he, Jasper Landersdale, was here. And I waited."

Her listener lowered the lids of her cunning eyes to conceal the gleam of triumph and relief that came into them.

"It is well," she said. "I shall tell her now!" cried out Granny Wells, in a loud, shrill tone of voice. "I'm dying. And I ain't going to the other world with that sin unconfessed!"

Mrs. Landersdale seemed to consider for a moment. She realized the full extent of the danger that threatened herself, and the success of her most cherished schemes if Granny Wells was permitted to make known to Mabel Trevor the guilty secret that lay between them. But not a muscle of her face moved to betray the dark thoughts that were passing in her mind.

"Yes, it is best that Mabel should know every thing," she said, presently, in a voice audible only to the dying woman. "I give up the game. But before you make a confession, I have something to say to you. Send the girl away for a few minutes."

Granny Wells looked distrustfully into the face which was bent so near to her own. It looked calm, imperturbable, almost indifferent. Her doubts seemed to vanish in a moment.

"Mabel may leave us alone," she said, wearily.

Mrs. Landersdale communicated the permission to the girl herself, who stood at a little distance, regarding them with wondering looks. She instantly came a step or two nearer the bed.

"Do you really wish me to go away for a few minutes, Granny?" she said.

The old woman nodded her head. She sighed, and seemed unwilling to stir.

"I shall not go far," she said, at last, giving Mrs. Landersdale a significant and distrustful glance.

She then threw a shawl over her head, reluctantly approached the door, and went out into the clear, starlight night.

For some seconds after her departure not a word was spoken in the hovel. Mrs. Landersdale sat by the bedside, her face showing ghastly pale in the feeble light afforded by the sputtering tallow candle on the table. The corners of her mouth twitched nervously, in spite of all her efforts at self-control.

"Speak out," said Granny Wells, at last. "What do you want to say to me?"

Mrs. Landersdale rose up slowly, and moved to the foot of the bed where Jane was standing, the picture of stolid indifference. "Don't fail me now," she said, in a sharp whisper.

"I had no thought of failing you," muttered Jane, in response.

The guilty woman drew near the bedside once more. "I deceived you just now," she said, sullenly. "I never meant to give my consent that the confession should be made. Fool, do you think I would have taken this journey here had I been so indifferent as that? No, no. And it was to tell you this that I had Mabel sent from the house."

Granny Wells threw up both her arms with a frightened moan.

"Treachery, treachery!"

"Call it what you will. The name does not matter to me. But I could not have my secret proclaimed after all these weary years of struggling to keep it. I tell you that I could not."

"Call Mabel back—call the girl back!" cried the unhappy woman. "No matter what it may cost you, I can't die until she knows the truth."

Mrs. Landersdale wildly wrung her hands. "I am lost, ruined, if you tell."

"I must tell."

"You shall not," and she threw herself on the couch beside the dying woman. "You shall not!" she hissed, between her clenched teeth. "I'll strangle you sooner, I'll take the miserable remnant of life that is left in you still more miserable body."

"Off, off! I can't die—I won't die without telling."

"Would you drive me desperate?" Her beautiful ringed hands clutched fiercely at Granny Wells' throat. She looked like some furious tiger-cat springing upon its victim with all its claws spread out. Her breath came and went in short, quick gasps, her bosom heaved, her dark eyes shot forth sparks of fire.

"Woman!" she hissed, "you shall never live to bring ruin and disgrace upon me!" "Murder! Mer—"

The shrill, frightened cry was stifled almost at its birth by those white fingers encircling the unhappy woman's throat.

"Quick!" cried Mrs. Landersdale. "The door, Jane. Hold the door."

The maid sprung forward, dropped her hand over the latch, and with all her strength held it in place so that it would be impossible for any one to raise it from without.

Mrs. Landersdale's murderous grasp on Granny Wells' throat tightened more and more.

At that moment she only thought of the fearful consequences to herself if the dying woman was permitted to tell her story.

Ruin, disgrace, loss of position, the world's scorn, with the finger of contempt directed at her.

The result of the struggle meant all that to her. It is not strange that for the moment, she was little better than a mad woman.

Such a contest could not last many seconds. The guilty woman's victim grew purple in the face, there was a strange and horrible contraction of the muscles, a long, gasping sigh, and then all was still.

Mrs. Landersdale staggered to her feet, trembling in every limb.

"She's dead," she muttered, putting up both her hands as if to shut out the horrible sight.

Jane had managed to secure the latch of the door with a nail which she had broken off from the wall where it was driven. She now sprang to the bed, and hurriedly removed all signs of the struggle that had just taken place.

"Compose yourself," she cried, in a stern whisper, "compose yourself, or all is lost."

Thus exhorted, Mrs. Landersdale dropped into the nearest chair, and after one or two ineffectual efforts, succeeded in controlling the violent trembling that had seized upon every limb.

Not an instant too soon, however. A step was heard outside, a hand laid on the latch, and the door was violently shaken.

"Why have you fastened me out?" cried the sweet, half-frightened voice of Mabel Trevor. "Quick, quick! Open the door to me!"

Jane drew out the nail, and flung it from her. Then she lifted the latch. "The door must have stuck," she muttered. "Come in quick, Miss. I fear the old woman is dead."

Mabel entered the hut, looking very pale and evidently laboring under some strong excitement. She went straight up to the bed, until her gaze fell upon the still but ghastly countenance of the woman lying there.

"Granny's dead!" she exclaimed; then, in a loud, scared voice, "and you, too," turning suddenly upon Mrs. Landersdale, "have killed her!"

The guilty creature could not utter one word of denial. The suddenness of the accusation seemed to paralyze her.

"You have killed her," Mabel repeated, wildly. "Oh, fool that I was to trust her alone with you!"

Jane came to the rescue of her mistress. "You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head, Miss," she said, sullenly. "I don't listen to you talk as that when addressed to my mistress. The poor lady was trying to tell something or other, and just gave a gasp of a sudden, and so died. That's the long and the short of the matter."

"I heard her cry out."

"Very likely you did. Dying folks are noted for screaming."

"I heard her cry murder," said Mabel, still glancing distrustfully from one to the other of the strange women.

"Bah! That was all imagination. You heard nothing of the sort."

"The door was held on."

"It stuck fast, that is all."

Jane's answers had all been given with a pert readiness that might well have deceived a much shrewder observer than Mabel Trevor. But that young lady was far from being convinced that every thing was as it should be.

"There is some secret which you are trying to hide from me," she exclaimed, almost wildly; "and it is a secret which burdened that poor dead woman's conscience, and which she was anxious to tell. You are making me the victim of some foul wrong or other."

Mrs. Landersdale now roused herself and looked at the girl anxiously. "Who is?" she asked.

"You, Mrs. Jasper Landersdale."

The guilty woman started out of her chair. "Ha! do you know me?"

"As an enemy—yes," she snarled, grinding her white teeth viciously.

"Granny Wells was no kin of mine. I have every reason to believe that you to serve some nefarious purpose of your own, gave me into her keeping as a child. And I also know that your husband, if I could once gain speech with him, would befriend me."

"Who told you such a falsehood?"

"Granny Wells, not an hour since."

Mrs. Landersdale's fingers twitched convulsively. She was advancing toward the helpless girl, much as a tiger-cat steals upon its prey, when Jane stretched forth her trembling hand and laid it on the woman's arm.

"Have a care," she whispered, "with her lips close to her mistress' ear. 'You shall

not kill her! You've done devil's work enough for one night. Come away."

Mrs. Landersdale suffered Jane to lead her to the door of the hovel. On the threshold, the latter paused to look back and speak a last word.

"You are very unjust to my mistress," she said. "I think you will learn your mistake some day, Miss, and come to regret it. Under existing circumstances, of course it cannot be pleasant to my lady or yourself for us to remain longer under this roof. We go to the inn down on the beach, and will send back help to look after the dead."

Mabel had flung herself in a chair by the bedside. "You need not trouble yourself," she said, wearily. "Some of the neighbors have promised to come in to watch with me. They must be here pretty soon, and I am not afraid."

"Hum! Good-night, Miss."

The door closed, and Jane and her mistress walked rapidly away in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

THE LONE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

THREE days subsequent to her sudden death, Granny Wells was buried.

During the interim Mabel Trevor remained quietly at the hovel, accepting with a grateful heart the rough, but kindly-meant, attentions of her neighbors.

She was shrewd enough to keep to herself the suspicion that Granny Wells had been helped out of the world. The ignorant fishermen noticed nothing peculiar in the appearance of the dead; they would have pronounced Mabel to be unsettled in her mind if she had even hinted the horrible thoughts that were continually distressing her.

Unfortunately for Mabel, nobody had seen Mrs. Landersdale and Jane enter or leave the hut. She could not prove that they had been there at all.

Nevertheless, she had secretly made up her mind to follow them to their home at the earliest practicable moment, charge them with having hastened the old woman's exit from the world, and by this means, perhaps, wrest from Mrs. Landersdale the secret that seemed so intimately to concern herself.

That wicked woman evidently knew the true story of her birth, and she felt that she could not rest until it had been forced from her guilty lips.

As a guide to her future movements, she merely knew that Mrs. Landersdale resided at a country-seat called the Woodlawn, near Hoboken.

It should be her first duty to find Woodlawn.

She waited until the wretched old woman who was the only friend she had ever known in the world, had been consigned to the grave, before attempting to put her design into execution.

The simple funeral took place at twelve o'clock. After the last of her humble neighbors had left the house, Mabel hastily equipped herself for the journey to New York.

It was several miles to the nearest railway station, and the only stage connecting with it left at an early hour of the morning. Rather than remain another night at the wretched hovel, Mabel determined to mount the only horse that Granny Wells had possessed, and so reach the station in that manner.

She had money enough to take her to New York, and support herself there in very humble lodgings for several weeks.

It was mid-afternoon when she locked the door of the hut, and mounted the gray mare that was to convey her over the first stage of her journey.

The hot, stifling air was full of summer scents and sounds, as she rode along the pleasant country road. After the lapse of an hour or two, she suddenly became aware that a man was following her.

He, too, was on horseback. From the occasional glimpses she caught of his figure he seemed to be a stout, heavily-built fellow, and he kept too far in the rear for her to distinguish his features.

Why was he following her?

She could not doubt but that she was really the object of his pursuit. If she whipped up the gray mare and sought to elude him in that way, he worried his own beast into a gallop; or if she suffered the mare to walk, he copied her example even there, and always maintained the same distance between them—never lessening it, and never suffering it to widen.

She grew nervous and frightened at last, at being followed so persistently. She might have stopped at one of the many farm-houses on the road, and got rid of him in this manner, but her overweening desire to reach New York at the earliest practicable moment prevented her from doing any thing of the sort.

The way grew lonelier and wilder, and the sun dropped low in the western heaven. Mabel presently reached two cross-roads, where she paused in some perplexity, not knowing which of the two to take.

Finally selecting that leading to the right, she hurried on. Looking back after the lapse of some fifteen or twenty minutes, she observed that her unknown pursuer had chosen the same road, and was now slowly gaining upon her.

She whipped up her mare, wishing, now that it was too late, that she had been less daring. Swiftly she sped along the uneven ground for some distance, but was suddenly compelled to draw rein on the bank of a river; for the bridge was gone.

There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the stream looked sullen and turbid.

Could she ford it?

It looked like a dangerous undertaking. While she hesitated there came a clattering of hoofs close behind her, and a hand was suddenly stretched toward her horse's head, and a gruff voice said:

"Good-evening, Miss."

Her heart bounded violently. She turned and looked at the man, knowing well he was the same who had been following her so long.

He was a powerful fellow, with a dark, evil-looking face, the nose long and sharp, and of a vulture-like curve, the eyebrows thin and bristling, the dark eyes sinister in their expression, and the narrow chin protruding in a very disagreeable manner.

In short, he was just the sort of person a defenseless man or woman would shrink from meeting in a lonely place.

Though Mabel's blood ran cold in her veins, she managed to maintain her self-possession.

"Good-evening, sir," she returned, civilly, in answer to his salutation.

"Are you going to cross the river?" he asked, still keeping his hand on her bridle-rein.

"I am."

"It is dangerous to cross at this point. I hurried on to tell you so. There is quite an undertow when the river is swollen so much as at present."

"What am I to do?" she asked, helplessly.

"There's a bridge just below," he said, fixing his strange eyes upon her face.

"I don't know where to find it."

"I will guide you. It is only a little way."

"That bridge may be gone, too," she cried, sharply. "The fresher may have taken it away."

"Of course; but I hardly think it is. Come along. I'm going that way myself."

He turned her horse's head, even as he spoke, and began to lead the way along the bank of the river. Mabel had no time for remonstrance. It would not have availed her, perhaps, in any event.

The rosy flush of sunset faded from the sky, as they proceeded, and the purple shadows of twilight began to gather darkly around them.

Mabel fell back with terror; but the man's grasp was still on the bridle-rein, and she could not hope to break away from him. He had been very civil, thus far, but she could not help distrusting him.

If he meant mischief, the place was lonely and wild, and he must have every thing his own way.

He scarcely spoke. At last they reached the bridge of which mention had been made. And there he paused and looked at her keenly by the last glimmering light of day.

"The woods on the other side are dark and lonely, Miss," he said. "We must keep together, or you will surely lose your way."

"I would rather go back," she returned, shivering, as she glanced into the black depths of shade that seemed to be opening before them.

"Humph. You would gain nothing. There are woods on either hand, as you can see for yourself."

She clasped her hands in dread unutterable.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come," she murmured.

"Let go your rein," he said, gruffly. "The way is narrow and dark. I'll lead you."

There seemed no other way than to submit. They resumed their journey. The woods grew darker and more impenetrable as they advanced. Great trees closed thickly about them. Poor Mabel could scarcely see her hand before her.

The man pushed on in sullen silence, leading the gray mare by the bridle. At last he emerged into a small clearing, and much to her delight, the frightened girl beheld dimly through the dark, a long, low building, the sides of which were pierced with several small windows.

"Here," she thought, "I may find friends and a refuge."

The building looked solitary and dark, however, as they drew near.

"Dismount!" said the man, in a stern voice, as they drew up before the door.

All hope died in her heart as she noticed his tone and manner. Trembling in every limb, she slid to the ground. Seizing firmly hold of her hand, he led her into the house, leaving the horses to graze at will on the diminutive lawn.

Within, every thing was wrapped in impenetrable darkness. The man hastily struck a match, and, like one perfectly familiar with the premises, approached a rude sort of chimney-piece, where he found a candle, which he lighted.

By the aid of its friendly rays, Mabel saw that she was in a small, smoke-begrimed apartment, very rudely furnished.

She looked eagerly at her companion.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"No," he returned, with a strange smile. "I live in the suburbs of New York. But I have frequently been to this place before."

"In New York?" she echoed. "I am going there."

"Indeed?" Again that singular smile curled his lips. "May I ask what takes you to the city?"

"I go there to find a wicked woman who knows some secret concerning me that I am anxious she should divulge."

"You mean Mrs. Landersdale?"

Mabel gave a start of surprise.

"Do you know her?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and I also know that she does not wish you to come to Woodlawn."

There was no mistaking the sneering tone in which these words were uttered. A sudden suspicion flashed with lightning-like rapidity upon Mabel's mind.

"Who are you?" she cried, sharply. "Why have you dogged my footsteps all the way from Berlin?"

"One question at a time, Miss, if you please. My name is Bill Cuppings. I live at Woodlawn."

It was indeed that strange and terrible man who had been leagued with Mrs. Landersdale in so many crimes that had never come to the light of day.

Mabel's heart died within her. This man could have had but one object in following her so persistently, and in conducting her to this lonely spot. His very next words verified the horrible suspicion that had crossed her mind.

"You are in Mrs. Landersdale's way," he said, brutally. "In short, you have it in your power to cause her no end of trouble. Like a clever woman—and my mistress is remarkably clever where her own interests are concerned—she determined, shortly after returning from her recent visit to Berlin, to put you out of the way of harassing her. Not to put too fine a point on it, you know too much for her safety."

"Oh, just Heaven!"

"As I said before, she wishes to be rid of you. And I am selected as the humble instrument to accomplish her purpose."

Mabel recoiled from him in horror.

"You would not murder me?" she cried.

"Bah! I've cut prettier throats than yours in my day," sneered the ruffian.

"I never harmed you."

"That is true. But it is as a mere business transaction that I regard this matter. My mistress hired me to do a certain piece of work, and I am bound to do it."

"I'd like to spare you," he said, coolly, wiping the perspiration from his face, "but my wishes are not to be regarded in this matter. I might have shot you down like a dog, on the way hither. But I preferred to spare your life till we reached this spot."

"There are signs of habitation in this room," cried Mabel. "You dare not harm me. The person who lives here may return at any moment, in which case I shall claim his protection."

Bill laughed jeeringly.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he snarled. "It is a friend of mine who occupies this house; otherwise I should never have come here. I don't know why he is absent at this present moment, and I don't care how soon he returns. He will take sides with me, and not with you."

She knew by the tone in which he uttered these words that he had spoken truly. Driven nearly frantic with desperation and fear, she bounded toward the door, giving him a violent push with both hands as she passed him.

He staggered a little, at first; but, recovering his balance almost immediately, he sprang upon her with the agility and ferocity of a wolf, just as her trembling fingers dropped upon the latch of the door.

"You shall not escape me now," he howled, giving utterance to a volley of the most fearful curses.

Obedying the most natural impulse in the world, Mabel uttered a succession of piercing screams for assistance.

"Yell away!" said Bill, savagely, as he dragged her backward from the door. "There's nobody to hear. And you'll never have a chance to try your lungs again in this lower world!"

(To be continued.)

THE

Winged Messenger:

RISKING ALL FOR A HEART.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "THE EBON MASK," "OATH-BOUND," "LOVE-BLIND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

FLORENCE had not moved since she had fallen in the fainting swoon; and Isabel Lefevre, as she stooped over the unconscious girl, could not but admire the air of queenly grace about her, as, divested of all the elegant trifles that so enhance woman's beauty, she lay there, pale, fair as some Parian statuette.

"And he loves her! Ellis, my own Ellis, loves this girl! Ah! my fingers burn to destroy the life he loves so! To think these lips have received his kisses, and given them in return! these eyes glanced into his love-lit ones—girl! girl! I could murder you where you lay!"

She laid her quivering fingers on Florence's white throat, then withdrew them as though the touch poisoned her.

"And you came here with a lie on your false lips—you learned your lesson well from so skillful a master—you came, thinking to blind me by your consummate acting; but the veil of deception has been rent in twain; the mask has fallen from a face I never would have believed was so black; and in the fall yours has been displayed. You love him, you know you do; and you can't help it; but how I hate you for it!"

She lifted the long, shining hair, half-jealously, half-savagely.

"Ah! to spoil your beauty, to rob him of you—there! what demon suggested the thought?"

the madness in her own breast, failed to notice the stern pallor on her father's features, or the cold, steady gleam of the bright, pitiless eyes.

"Ida! what does this mean?"

"Ida!" cried Florence, passionately. "I am not 'Ida.' Who has done this thing, this accursed thing? Who dared do it?"

A low, unmusical laugh issued from Isabel's mouth.

"Do what, child? Besides, I am in a hurry for you to eat; I shall discharge Mary, and take you on my tour to England in her place, as lady's maid."

"England! 'lady's maid' surely I am in some horrid nightmare! Wake me! wake me! or I shall die from fright!"

"Nonsense, Ida! Eat your dinner."

"I will not eat! I will starve myself to death first!"

"No, you won't. Listen, while I tell you what I shall do—what you shall do."

Isabel sat down on the side of the bed; her face still wearing that merciless look it had taken when Gussie Palliser had revealed Ellis Dorrance's treachery.

"I shall not call you Ida during this interview, because no one knows better than I that you are really Florence Arbuthnot. There—sit quietly down while I finish my story."

"A week or less ago, Dorrance came to me and arranged for Ida Greenville, an heiress, who was to be 'put out of the way,' to come here, and be closely guarded by me, the only one, besides Jim Palmer, his valet, who knows the secret."

"Trusting him as I ever had done, I believed his story; never dreaming he loved you, too, until I saw how very pretty you were, and then I suspected at once. He denied any regard for you, as you have done for him; but he lied, for another of his sweetest lies came to me, urged by her jealous espionage, and laid bare his treacherous blackness of heart. You may think I was wild to believe her, a perfect stranger, but, mind you, I had been led to doubt him the moment I saw you."

"Well, Florence Arbuthnot, you shall not impose upon me. You have endeavored to make me think you don't care for him; you pretend—and I know by his instructions—you fear him; and I am going to do just the very worst thing I can do. I am going to take you at your word."

"You were as beautiful a girl as ever I saw when you entered the Haunted House last night; but Ellis Dorrance will not be so proud of you when he sees you again. I have sworn to revenge myself on him, and because I hate you on his account, I shall use you to accomplish my ends. See there!"

She suddenly thrust a hand-mirror before Florence's eyes. A wild peal of terror fell from her lips as the reflection met her gaze.

"Have pity on me! I will swear by all that is sacred on earth and in heaven that I despise Ellis Dorrance more than you do! I swear to you on my knees that I am engaged to marry another—Mr. Arch Chessom, who lives near Beechcrest. Send to him; oh, let Mary go bring him, and he will give you all the money you want for me! Believe me—pray, pray, believe me!"

Isabel smiled grimly.

"Believe you, well, perhaps I do, but it's all the same. He is false to me, and I am resolved to strike a blow home to him, while I have the opportunity."

"Think how you loved him, and remember I love Mr. Chessom just as well! Please send for him, and he can tell you how I fear and hate Mr. Dorrance."

"I am not acquainted with this Mr. Chessom; why should I be, when I have only been a week in this locality? I only came when he telegraphed me that he wanted me; the Haunted House is only occupied a few weeks in the shooting season, when he brings his friends out. If it will gratify you to know where we are, yonder is Beechcrest, three miles distant. The nearest house is a very elegant one they call some one's 'Pride.'"

Florence sprang to the window; truly the tower of Chessom's Pride was not a mile off.

"And it is Arch's name! I must go from here. I will go!"

"I shall be sorry to use force to subdue you. The whole story lies, in a word, namely: that I know you never again as Florence; from this moment you are Ida, my quadroon servant girl. To-morrow we leave this house by carriage to New York, to take the first English steamer. Attempt to disobey my instructions, and believe me, I will not hesitate to kill you—not to bring trouble to myself, mind you—but there are poisons, and poisonous inhalations, and wealous Italian often use them, accidentally, you know. They leave no trace behind."

Florence shuddered at the low, horrible tone, so musical in its fearful earnestness.

What could she do? a prisoner and threatened with death if she dared disobey. There was no possible choice; life was very precious, and there remained a chance of escape in New York, where she would tell her story to the first man she saw on the streets—It might be Arch.

Isabel seemed to fathom her very thoughts, for she said:

"Telling your story will be useless, for I shall take good care to spread the report wherever I go, that you are an intelligent, harmless lunatic; whose vagaries alter; the present being that you are a certain Miss Arbuthnot; and, remember, even your own mother would not know you."

Poor Florence! the darkness was very dense around her.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot had returned from their friendly vigil several hours earlier than they expected; and, anxious as was the lady to congratulate Florence on her engagement with Ellis Dorrance, she did not disturb that young lady's slumbers; deciding that undue haste might strengthen the suspicions already strong as death.

Breakfast was just over, and still Florence had not come down, when Ellis Dorrance was announced.

He was very stern, almost angry in his demeanor.

"Mr. Arbuthnot, madame, I have intruded thus early to demand the reason of my fruitless waiting last night. I spent an hour in the parlor without seeing your daughter. May I beg an interview this morning?"

Mrs. Arbuthnot rose from her chair in speechless wonder.

"Not see her?" echoed her husband, in a bewildered way. "Why didn't you see her?"

"That is the question I came to have answered."

"Not see her!" repeated Mrs. Arbuthnot. "That is strange! I will summon her down at once. No, I will go myself to her room."

She walked quickly up the stairs, and tapped on the door of Florence's apartment. Only perfect silence answered her; she rapped more loudly, and a little impatiently; then called:

"Florence, never mind if you're not dressed. I wish to come in."

She waited a second, then opened the door, partly vexed, partly surprised at the long delay.

A cry burst from her lips as she saw the bed had been unused; the square, ruffled pillows where they had lain in smooth state all the preceding day.

Then she glanced anxiously around the room, and saw the note.

She clutched it eagerly, and read it through, a red, intense flame seeming to come from her eyes, and a gray, deathly paleness creeping around her lips.

With no audible word she turned and went down-stairs, and silently laid the paper before the two men.

Arbuthnot snatched it, and read it aloud.

"The deuce! the—the—what does it mean, anyhow? Dorrance, look at that!"

Ellis took it, and then laid it down again, as he spoke:

"This is what I have feared, expected—"

"Heavens, man! how can you stand still there, knowing she has gone, with that rascal I hate above ground? How can you coolly say you 'feared' and 'expected'?"

"Why don't you start off, post-haste, and find 'em'?" If I catch him, the villain!"

Mrs. Arbuthnot stood, still pallid and trembling, by the hastily-vacated breakfast-table.

"Pursuit will be useless, I fear," she said, at length. "But Mr. Arbuthnot, go at once to Chessom's Pride, and acquaint the family. Possibly they may have heard him mention where he was going."

Her eyes glittered coldly as she gave her directions.

"What will be the good?" asked Dorrance, gloomily. "They are married, doubtless, ere this, and he can protect his wife. If they are not—well, I'm sure I shouldn't care to—"

"Hold on!" shouted Arbuthnot, hotly. "Look out what you say about that girl! She is as good and pure as the falling snow, whatever she does."

"I'll remember, sir. Also, allow me to jog your memory regarding the fact of your sworn oath that she should be mine. How am I to look upon that now?"

There was coming a dangerous light in Dorrance's eyes, a certain expression that Mr. Arbuthnot never liked, and he paled under it.

"How could I keep it, Ellis? Haven't I worked for you to the best of my ability? And now, when she has fooled you as well as me, am I to blame?"

"I think so, a father should have taken better care of his only daughter."

Arbuthnot reddened angrily.

"Be careful, Ellis, how you speak. Remember it is not too late yet—to you know what. Besides, you can't afford to give her up yet. If you lose her, after all these years, it'll be a more serious loss than if we never had undertaken the game."

"Mr. Arbuthnot, we will not discuss that point; it was settled when she was a child that I was to have her, to end the little difficulty I got into. We will still adhere to that opinion; I will go on a tour of discovery myself—by-the-by, she is under age."

Mr. Arbuthnot's face lightened as he replied:

"I had forgotten that. Yes, she can be brought home, and Ellis, the very best thing you can do is to start right off. Don't forget the interest you have at stake."

He spoke in a confidential, meaning voice.

"I'm off, then."

Dorrance bowed to the two, and hastened off, a smile of utter triumph on his face as he went through the streets. Mr. Arbuthnot went out immediately after, direct to Chessom's Pride.

Beautifully fair it was in the early morning sunshine, its inmates all unconscious of the storm about to break upon their heads.

Arch was preparing to ride to the village, to learn why Florence had not written to him; he had fully resolved to go to her home and demand an interview, when Mr. Arbuthnot was shown into the morning breakfast-room, where the family had not as yet assembled. Arch was astonished, yet extended his hand with easy cordiality.

"Mr. Arbuthnot, I am glad to see you. Will you take a chair? Have you breakfasted?"

But the man refused the offered hand, with hot anger in his face.

"Don't insult me! I demand to know where she is; where have you left her, since I am astounded at seeing you here?"

"Where is who—you can mean but one, and that is your daughter. Do you not know yourself, sir?"

Consternation and alarm were visible on Chessom's face, and he was searchingly scanning the man's countenance.

"Do I know?" he repeated, bitterly. "I wish to Heaven I did know! And you have the impudence to ask me such a question. Answer me, at once, where have you taken my girl?"

"I have not seen her for a fortnight. I don't know what you mean, unless—God forbid!—danger has come to her through that black-hearted scoundrel, Dorrance!"

Arbuthnot reddened.

"A scoundrel, eh? Not half so much as yourself! But all I want to know is, where's Florence? I will have an answer, or you shall be arrested within an hour!"

Arch paled; it was a stinging insult; but his alarm for Florence overpowered all other feelings.

"Mr. Arbuthnot, I wish I knew. Until this moment I supposed she was at home."

Mr. Arbuthnot handed him the forged letter.

"Look at that, will you?"

An exclamation of surprise burst from Arch's lips.

"I am mystified! Florence never wrote that! and certain it is I never signed it. Depend upon it, sir, there's foul play somewhere. I suspect Dorrance."

"And I know it's you. Dorrance left my house not an hour ago, as thoroughly crushed and heart-broken as a man can be. And you, here, in your fine house, can dare tell me you don't know where you have taken my daughter to! Sir, the law shall compel you to tell! and I'll have a policeman here before the noon!"

Arch bit his lip to keep back the angry words.

"I am as truly wounded and enraged as you can be, sir, for I love Florence dearly. But all I can say I have said; all I can do shall be done to find her."

There was excitement in Arch Chessom's handsome face, that only the more convinced Mr. Arbuthnot of his guilt; and then, when Arch bade him good-morning and begged to be excused so soon was his alarm on Florence's part, Mr. Arbuthnot's wrath was greater than before.

"You refuse to tell me, sir; you request me to go home; but all of this can't convince me you are not the greatest rogue out of jail."

And he went out, trembling in his vexatiousness.

CHAPTER X.

FROM HYENA TO HAWK.

AFTER Isabel Lefevre had so cruelly made known her intentions to Florence, she left her alone to complete the preparations for her hastily decided trip to England.

Had it been possible, Isabel would not have gone that day, for two reasons. One of which was, she desired to see Gussie Palliser again; the other, a burning disposition to hurl Ellis Dorrance's rudeness in his face.

So she packed her trunks, sent Mary with a message to Lakewick for Gussie Palliser to call next noon, and then waited for the interview with Dorrance.

Once before dusk she went up to Florence, and left a light, with her supper.

Slowly the evening passed away to the terrified girl, and when the distant clock at Beechcrest struck out nine slow, distinct strokes, it seemed to her a very death-knell.

She dared not sleep; she dared not partake of the food Isabel had left her; so she sat by the high window, looking down on the far-off twinkling lights of Beechcrest, wondering whether all hope and joy and happiness was over for her forever.

Utter misery was in possession of her heart, as she glanced, shivering, over the repulsive disguise Isabel had wrought, and thought how her way was hedged closely up. Yet she resolved to proclaim the truth in New York city, let the consequences be what they might.

Suddenly a slight noise smote her ear. Then a low, cautious rap, on her door was followed by the pronouncing of her name, in a strange, kindly voice.

"Miss Arbuthnot! Miss Florence!"

She sprang to her feet in a sudden delirium of hope.

"Come in. I am unable to open the door. But come in and save me, I pray."

I have come to save you, Miss Florence. I am your friend, and Mr. Chessom's. He disordered your whereabouts and sent me to rescue you. The carriage waits just below the house."

"God bless you! I am all ready—but how can I come out? Can't you break the door?"

"I can, but the noise will reach Miss Lefevre's ears. Is there no way to come out? No window opening on a balcony?"

Florence eagerly examined the windows. There was none, and in returning despair, she felt the tears springing to her eyes.

"I see no way," she said presently, plaintively. "and if you saw me, you might not know me, for I am dressed in most horrid clothes, and the Italian woman has colored my skin brown."

An indignant cry fell from the stranger's lips.

"How dare she! never fear, Miss Florence, but that I'll know you; your voice is natural, at least."

Then after a moment's silence, he suddenly exclaimed:

"The ventilator, over the door! You can climb up by the table—have you one? or the bureau or a washstand; you can creep through, and I will catch you."

Alive only to the one absorbing hope of escape, Florence eagerly dragged the light pine chest of drawers underneath the door, and lifted the one chair upon it.

There was room for her to climb to the wide, dusty, open space, and with her eager, wild eyes she looked down upon her rescuer.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Florence, you'll not fall!"

In a second she had dropped down on Jim Palmer's outstretched arms.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! let us hurry out as quickly as we can. Do you know the way? Do you think any one hears us?"

They were silently descending the stairs.

"No," was his whispered reply. "I will explain all when we are clear of the house."

At the lower hall he nervously opened the door, and they walked out into the fresh night air, and Florence thought never was life so sweet before.

Jim Palmer lifted her into the carriage, and wrapped the blankets carefully around her.

"Mr. Chessom would never forgive me if you caught a cold."

"Darling Arthur!"

And her eyes lighted up in a fond, affectionate glow.

"He's a fine young man, sure enough, Miss Florence, and very nearly wild at your disappearance. It was only to-day he learned of your whereabouts."

"How, Mr. Palmer, how?" she asked, eagerly.

Palmer shook his head.

"That is more than I know, you see. I suppose he'll tell you all about it when you get to Chessom's Pride."

"Am I to go to Chessom's Pride?"

A delicious little smile played on her lips.

So he said, by the back road, for fear they'd miss you at the Haunted House, and be sure to follow on the main turnpike. It's a little further and lonelier, but that don't signify."

"Chessom's Pride!" repeated Florence, half-carelessly, as the carriage dashed on; then to Mr. Palmer:

"If I only could get this disgusting dye from my face and hair before I see him!"

Palmer did not answer for a second; then he spoke, half-apologetically:

"I suppose my old aunt's house on the plank road'd be too far for you to go? You might fit up there a little and borrow a dress of my cousin Kate."

"I wish I could! Would it take very long?"

Her eyes were piercing through the keen darkness, but she could not see his face.

"An hour, about; but I wouldn't mind that if you think Mr. Chessom wouldn't. Only I don't quite like to take a lady like you to such a poor place."

Florence laughed; the first merriment

that she had indulged in in all those awful hours.

"As if I cared! Besides, Mr. Palmer, your kindness entirely overbalances their poverty. I wish you would drive around that way."

"All right! It's just as you say, Miss Florence."

He urged the horses into a faster trot, and the carriage dashed along, bearing Florence every second nearer and nearer to a yawning pit.

And Jim Palmer, smiling under his rough fur cap, chirruped to the horses, and chuckled to himself.

My lucky star is in the ascendant! Poor innocent child, to believe my trumped-up story! Aunt and cousin Kate! Well, I've got her, at any rate!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE EMPTY ROOM.

TRUE to his word, Ellis Dorrance came to the Haunted House that evening, at the appointed hour.

Mary admitted him to Isabel's presence at once, who awaited him with a knowledge in her heart fully calculated to render his call as delightful as she had anticipated.

He had been congratulating himself the past few hours on the bold coup *à état* he had consummated; Florence Arbuthnot a prisoner under the surveillance of her fiery-hearted rival, Isabel Lefevre. Perhaps the only drawback to the wicked pleasure he enjoyed was the knowledge that Gussie Palliser and he were enemies.

In the very depths of his soul he was sorry it was so; for, try as he might to persuade himself to the contrary, and pretend he cared nothing for it, it was a disagreeable disappointment to Ellis Dorrance to be so suddenly deprived of Gussie's charming society, especially when he realized the manner in which she had become possessed of his secret, that he had guarded so carefully from her, and still intended to preserve until it suited him to divulge it.

So, all that day, he had chided himself for his clumsiness in permitting Gussie to learn of her rival, and of his foolishness in not healing the breach immediately it was made; and he went to Isabel Lefevre, fully determined after an interview with her, to seek Gussie, and effect a reconciliation. The moment he entered Isabel's presence, he experienced a sensation that told him there was evil brewing; a second glance at her dark, gloomy face and eyes, where a hidden fire smoldered, assured him of it; he thought Florence had prevailed upon her to believe what was the truth.

"Isabel, you have no word of welcome? It is the first time you ever withheld a kiss and a caress?"

Her lip curled contemptuously.

"And it is the last. Miss Arbuthnot can possibly accommodate you."

She looked him steadily in the face, smiling when she saw the look of amazement overspread his features.

"Miss Arbuthnot! Who is she?"

Then Isabel laughed; a low, musical sound it was, that somehow made Dorrance feel that the ground under his feet was sliding.

"There is no need of any more childish masquerading. I certainly know, as well as you, that the young lady up-stairs is Florence Arbuthnot, whom you abducted from her room an hour or so before you brought her here."

A tense line gathered around Dorrance's lips, but he never flinched under the smiling, sardonic, defiantly-triumphant eyes that were piercing him through and through.

"It is a lie," he said, slowly.

"Granted that you sometimes indulge in the little provocations yourself, Ellis, we will leave the disputed question. Suppose I were to tell you, you have been darkly false to me?"

The suppressed rage in her stormy face, under her low, even tones, was disagreeable even to Ellis Dorrance, so bold in his badness.

"I should answer as I answered before."

"Ah! but you would not dare! Look at me, and see if I am in earnest."

And her flashing, scornful eyes were lurid in their gleaming wrath.

She suddenly sprang from her chair, where she had been indolently reclining, as one might imagine a leopardess crouching for a sudden, violent attack.

"I am in earnest; you have dared whisper love words to other women—this pretty Florence, and another, a dark-faced beauty, whose name I know! You dared do this when you thought I would not know it; and, because for months you have succeeded, you have grown foolhardy in your triumphs, and was childish enough to bring her here, thinking to blind my eyes because I had erst-time trusted and loved you."

Dorrance was dismayed at this outburst, and he was wondering how he could best refute what she said; but she began again, more wrathful than before.

"I tell you you have awakened a very devil in my heart! You have trifled with one who will not brook such an outrage! I shall mete out to you your own reward, Ellis Dorrance. You are in my hands, this very moment, to be used as I see fit."

A contemptuous laugh—he regretted the next moment—issued from his lips.

"You are beside yourself, Isabel! I know not what ideas you have in that pretty little head of yours; I only know you are talking sheerest nonsense. Call Mary to show me to Ida's room."

"No, sir. Ida is no less a myth than 'Florence.' The beautiful, graceful girl you left here twenty-four hours ago is no more."

He wheeled sharply around.

"What do you mean? Have you dared to kill her? Isabel! answer me before I strike you down!"

He was deathly pale, and his eyes were intensely black in their anger.

She waved him off.

"Have you never heard of we hot-hearted Italians killing our rivals?"

"If you have, by—no, I'll murder you, you woman!"

He strode fiercely to the hall door, but her little firm hand arrested him.

"Hark, Ellis Dorrance! Last night, when I learned of your treble perfidy, I vowed a vow, before high Heaven, to be avenged. This girl you think you love; this girl was in my power. So, Ellis Dorrance, through her I have touched you. I have made of her a mulatto girl, whom her own mother, or even you, would not recognize. I shall take her on a foreign tour—where, you need not know—as my maid. I have told her I would shoot her, or poison her, if she attempts to escape; she is mine, and you dare not prove who she is!"

The ringing triumph in her voice was

maddening to the man, who stood listening to her defiant tones.

His complexion grew more deathly pale; his eyes were insufferably brilliant in their concentrated glare; his hands were trembling from the horrible rage that was in his soul; when he spoke, his voice was low and husky.

"Isabel! lead me to her at once; and, as sure as there is a God in the Heavens above us, you shall suffer for this—if it be true! I doubt every word you say."

"As you please. Perhaps, when you see, you will believe."

She led the way up the stairs, her fingers clasping a tiny siletto in her pocket; she was on her guard.

But Ellis was only thinking of Florence; Isabel would dare the deed, he knew, despite what he had said. If she had, how could he regain her, without exposing himself?"

He ground his teeth in a paroxysm of rage, as Isabel turned the key and opened the door.

It pushed heavily, as if something was standing against it.

A second effort, and they stood within—an empty room!

Something like a howl of supremest wrath came from Dorrance's lips.

"You have done this, you fiend! you lying traitress!"

But Isabel, with whitened cheeks and parted lips, was standing in blank amazement at the signs of confusion in the room.

"As I hope for mercy, I did not know she was gone!" And when Dorrance saw her face he was constrained to believe her.

He pushed roughly past her, ran down the stairs and into the room for his hat and gloves, then dashed out into the dark night, with unspeakable thoughts flying madly through his brain.

"It is Chessom's doings! curses eternal light on him!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 128.)

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publisher, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months . . . \$1.00
One copy, one year . . . 2.00
Two copies, one year . . . 3.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.
Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay American postage.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,
30 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A Romance of Weird Interest

IS THE NEW SERIAL BY

A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

VIZ.:

THE RED SCORPION:

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

In which the author of "Dead and Alive," "Hercules, the Hunchback," "Pearl of Pearls," "The Flaming Tailsman," etc., etc., gives the lovers of dramatic romance something to "hold them in thrall and sweet." The story will commence in Number 132.

We have in hand, from the pen of Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton, a serial story that will add measurably to this admirable lady's popularity as a novelist, and place her side by side with the best living writers. In clear conception of character and motive; in skill of disposition and situation; in appositeness and force of narrative, she clearly has proven her right to a seat in the Authors' Valhalla; and that it remained for the SATURDAY JOURNAL to discover and draw out her merit is not the least of our pleasures. The new story is called

MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

Our Arm Chair.

Chat.—We open, in this issue, a new department called "The Woman's World," in which to canvass the thousand and one things social, fashionable and utilitarian, in which our wives, mothers and daughters are personally interested. Mrs. E. V. Battey, who purveys for the Department, is the well-known "Fashion Editress" (what a word editress is, to be sure!) of *Our Society*, and also a correspondent for certain interior journals. She has special means of information, in the world of woman's wants and ways, and will, from week to week, give much matter of interest for her sex.

Church's Musical Visitor, of Cincinnati, O., is one of the best of popular publications devoted to Mus. It is not only an admirably edited record of musical literature and news, but each number gives from six to ten pages of choice music, for instruments and voice—all for one dollar per year (12 numbers.) Cheap enough for the poorest purse and good enough for any home or salon.

Artist is anxious to be advised how to learn to sketch from Nature and if he can get employment easily on the Illustrated Journals and magazines. Like all trades and professions, that of painter or artist is one of long labor, based, however, upon actual talent for the calling. If he has real taste, and a native talent for design, pursue the profession; but don't mistake any mere capacity for delineation for a certain sign of the artist's genius. If he earnestly wishes to become a landscape or figure painter, there is but one course to pursue: obtain the studio instruction of some good artist, in the proposed *apicalite*. (For proper information write to Director of School of Design, Cooper Institute, N. Y.) Employ on the Illustrated Journals is not easily obtained. Very few, even of our well-established artists, can design on wood acceptably. It is a talent of its own to design on wood, and success only comes after long practice, and real adaptability of talent.

We take no pleasure in saying "No" to a contributor. To accept a contribution requires no moral courage; to reject it does require moral courage, and it gives the editor additional pain when he knows that the author is going to get angry over the rejection. If authors only would understand how utterly impossible it is to use one-half, or one-quarter of the good things offered, they would make the editor's office less irksome and unpleasant. We reject many good contributions from an utter inability to use them. A rejection, therefore, by no means implies a want of merit. It simply means, we can not use the offering.

The Reason Why.—Our Fat Contributor (Grissold), has had to have his say about the old African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, who won't come home till morning, till daylight does appear; and on the Reason Why, Grissold thus sheds his light:

"We have been reading Dr. Livingstone's letters to Mr. Bennett, of the New York Herald. They are as good as a novel. We find that his object in going to Africa and getting lost, thereby keeping the whole civilized world in a state of suspense for a period of five years, was to 'examine the watershed of South Central Africa.' We didn't know before there was any thing the matter with that watershed; in fact, we didn't know they had a watershed in South Central Africa, or any other kind of a shed, unless it be shed their wool. Yet we are glad the doctor went and examined it; for, if he had not, we shouldn't have such delightful letters as he is writing."

We learn that our friend, Washington Whitehorn, has also received letters from the Scotch Africanus, detailing at some length what this old Livingstone wouldn't tell anybody else. Whitehorn probably will communicate.

An Opinion.—The *Prairie Chief*, of Cambridge, Ill., discoursing of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, says:

"We have received the number of the New York *Saturday Journal*, containing the opening chapters of the new story entitled, 'Pearl of Pearls; or, Clouds and Sunshine,' which promises to be a very interesting and entertaining serial. This is not the only feature of this well-known paper; there are also articles each week, that will make any one's sides ache with laughter."

Side-ache is becoming decidedly popular, judging by the daily increasing numbers of those who demand our paper. "What I Know About the SATURDAY JOURNAL," is the theme of an immense "Subscription Book" which is on exhibition in our office. It costs but three dollars to enroll a name in it, and we are assured by those who have invested that it is the best paying investment they ever made.

—Moral: try it!

WHITE LIES.

"How exceedingly unhandy it is, and how much have we to submit to in itching silence because we just happen to live in glass houses, and how much better would it serve our purpose to break up housekeeping and board out!"

This writes to me a valuable contributor to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and if it were in my nature to agree with any one, I should certainly shake hands with him on that subject; but I have a few pebbles to throw, and if any one retaliates, and smashes my crystal palace to pieces, then I certainly shall break up housekeeping and open a boarding-house.

On a great many points I am in darkness, yet I see a deal about me that causes me a vast amount of wonder, and I often pause to think why matters are so and so.

I think there is so much deception in this mundane sphere of ours. I have known a great many young men who have quite a reputation among church-going people for their attention at the sanctuary, but brother Tom tells me they listen to the text, then slip out, take a walk and return in time to leave the church with the rest of the congregation, for the sake of seeing the others and being seen themselves. If a person can give you the text of the sermon, I presume it is all right, but I can not think so, and I'm not sorry I can not.

And, my dear, I don't want you to plan to meet your gentleman beau, whom you will not introduce at your own home, at my house, and go to walk with him, and when your "Ma" asks you where you have been, to reply, "Why, to see my dear friend, Eve Lawless." Do you believe you are telling the whole truth, and do you feel as innocent as if you had told your mother every thing?

I'd advise you, when you commence to grow into womanhood, not to entirely forget the habit you had in childhood, of kneeling at mother's feet and telling her all of your conduct. You'll not find a truer earthly friend to go to, take Eve's word for it.

It doesn't seem to me to be exactly the right thing to get mad, because somebody gets more chances to dance at the party than we do. What earthly good is it going to do us to fret about it? and it's real mean and downright provoking to style your friend "a gawky, with no grace, and such awful great feet," when you know it's no fault of his. You are only envious of her, because she chances to be more popular than you. But she isn't half such a good dancer as I, you respond. I know that, but then she's a deal prettier, and I'm not so far out of the way, when I state that, the male sex are more apt to select the handsomest face in preference to the nimblest feet, am I, gentlemen?

It is all very well for you to say you "didn't care one straw, because your swain didn't visit you last evening," when you know, as well as I do, that you cried all night, and that's what made your eyes so suspiciously red this morning. If a girl is in love, what on earth possesses her to appear so ashamed of it? It's not very complimentary to her adored, it strikes me.

Once had a neighbor, whose sole ambition seemed to be to poke her head into my windows at odd times, to see if she couldn't catch me inditing love-letters, but, as I never happen to turn my talents (?) that way, the poor dear was never gratified. Yet this very woman's house was of the most brittle glass, for she used to answer all the matrimonial advertisements she could find.

Now, with a sharp tongue, as much as you please, if it makes you happy; but, you wouldn't do so if you could look into the fly-leaves of the old family Bible, and note how few years ago the register of my birth was placed there.

I know I live in a glass house, but the pebbles haven't broken my windows yet, but I am trying—oh, so hard, not to have people call me an incorrigible scold—I'm sure Eve does all for the best, and perhaps, when she is shooting her arrows of advice, they recoil on herself and make her a better girl, who knows? EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Serapis and Bon Homme Richard.

I am never so much in my element as when describing a battle, whether on sea or on land. Let me describe the thrilling engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis which you have read of in books whose authors were not fully posted in regard to the event.

Paul Jones was Major-General of the Bon Homme, and of very high renown. You've heard of Jones—he's dead now, but fortunately he left a good many of the name behind him. Well, when he discovered the Serapis bearing down very heavily on him, he reined up his ship and waited for her very civilly; clearing his deck for action, and gave his gunners an extra charge to charge their guns extra. When the Serapis got in range, she whistled down brakes, and just then the Bon Homme opened with a whole broadside from cannonades and lemonades. This was immediately answered by a broadside from the S. which shattered the starboard and disabled the cupboards of the B., knocking a hole in the hatchway, besides making the principal gunner bite his tongue and spit tobacco-spit on his shirt-front. This was exasperating in the first degree. The firing began to get very brisk on both sides, and extra port-holes were made in the weather-boarding of both vessels; bombshells hovered over the Bon Homme, circling round and round the mast-heads, and threatened to fall on deck every minute, and explode. Jones ordered the guns on both sides of the ship discharged, then had his engines revers-

ed, and as the ship *geed* around, he ordered his gunners to rake the Serapis, which they immediately did with long-handled rakes, and with great slaughter; the groans of the fatally scathed on the enemy's decks were awful. Just then a shell fell into the Bon Homme's fireplace, and set the chimney on fire, but some men were sent up on the roof who extinguished it by throwing salt into it: (while I am talking of Jones' right along), then a terrible gale began to blow from three points of the compass and threatened to blow from the fourth also, but Jones had forethought enough to box the compass to prevent such a calamity.

Then came the appalling cry that there was four feet of water in the hold without either lemons or ice, and that it was pouring in through a crack that had been made by a crack shot, at the rate of more knots an hour than they could untie well. But Jones stopped the panic by ordering a slat shutter to be tacked over the fissure and set some sailors to bailing it out with wooden casks with both ends knocked out, and returned to the half-dollar deck—the one just over the quarter-deck—to find a shot had struck the mizzen-mast, and that it was missing more than ever, and he also saw that the hull was getting pretty badly hull-d. Both ships were now pretty far apart, and Jones ordered out his cavalry—the horses had cork soles in their shoes—which made a furious charge on the enemy's vessel, but were dispersed by the enemy discharging their anchor and pretty much all their freight at them before they had a chance to hitch onto the cables and haul the vessel away with them. These were the original horse marines, and led by Captain Jinks. As they galloped back, the fire flew from the waves beneath their feet.

Jones then gave the command to close and board, but the sailors preferred to board and keep close at home. The cannonading and promanaging was kept up on both sides so fiercely that it looked like both ships would gain the victory. The British running out of bombshells were obliged to use empty jugs for the purpose, and they created quite a crash on the deck of the Bon Homme, and were quite an annoyance to the American sailors, for whenever one would fall on deck without breaking, every man would leave his post to go and see if there was any thing in the jug. The marines up in the rigging all the time kept up a continual volley from improved yard-arms and small-arms, and men were stationed in exposed places, armed with cutlasses and two-edged windlasses to hew down the enemy in case he attempted to board without paying in advance.

Jones ordered his guns to be loaded with shears, scissors and butcher-knives, so as to cut the enemy's rigging, which was thereby badly damaged, and all his canvas hams were sliced up.

Jones stationed the editor with a bucket of cold water at the magazine to extinguish any fiery article the British might want to contribute to it, and he did his duty bravely.

The British sailors were disheartened at the cry that there were only two quarts of whisky in the hold, and grumbled some.

The wind at this time was blowing monsoons, bassoons, siroccos and baboons, and it looked like both ships would have to surrender. The port-holes were so far under water that both parties were obliged to fire their cannon up through the hatchways, and let the balls drop over on the enemy's decks, then they would load their gangways to the muzzle and discharge them with terrible effect. There wasn't enough copper left on either hull to make a full-grown cent. The Serapis only held together by one nail and a piece of twine string, and the Bon Homme was prevented from falling to pieces by one small oakum scantling.

For the last time the vessels closed, and then began a pitched battle; they threw whole bucketsful of hot pitch, and many men were fatally struck, and then the captain of the Serapis seeing that all was up, and he was likely to go down, hallooed over to Jones, from the wheel-house, that if Jones didn't surrender immediately he would. Jones yelled back through his ear-trumpet that he dared him to do it.

The captain answered back that no Englishman could ever take a dare, and struck his colors with a club; at this news the American crew crowded wildly, and Jones hitched the Serapis to the gable end of the Bon Homme and drove off.

This battle happened nearly a hundred years since, and I am sure I have had plenty of time to get the real facts.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Woman's World.

Hints for Mothers and Daughters—New dresses and new styles—News in advance of the *Fashion Magazines*—Cheap china—The new *Limoges Ware*—Humble homes as palaces.

It is every woman's duty and privilege to dress well, becomingly, and fashionably.

To dress well and becomingly she must dress within her means, for to go beyond them is in the worst possible taste. To dress in the prevailing fashion is not difficult, even with the most slender means; for with the facilities of cheap paper patterns and the inexpensive fabrics *always* in the New York market, no lady need look as if she had stepped from Noah's Ark, or had been taking a Rip-Van-Winkle nap in a gown of twenty years ago. We propose to the readers of the JOURNAL, from week to week, *what is new, and noticeable, and wearable*, in the world of fashion.

We shall invade the hallowed precincts of the Home and Household also, and give such hints on domestic economy as may be suggested by new inventions or novelties.

When harmless personal and society gossip can illustrate any fact that may be suggestive of thought or action in the Woman's World, we shall not fail to record it, and thus "point a moral," even if we do not "draw a lesson."

We also propose to answer in this column all questions addressed to us, or inquiries which may be made relative to domestic economy, household matters, and fashions and styles, when they relate to utility and beauty, not frivolity and extravagance.

Having been favored with a glimpse at the fashion plates and bulletins of fall styles, while in the hands of the engravers and lithographers, we can give our readers an idea of the prevailing forms of garments, for the coming season, in advance of the announcements to be formally made by the Fashion Journals.

In the first place, we are sorry to record the fact that our fashion-designers have not shortened the skirts of walking-dresses. The figures on these plates are all dressed

in robes that touch the pavement, all round, and some of them sweep a little in the back breadths; but ladies of good sense will not follow this fashion to the letter. We have seen, at one of our most fashionable establishments, a dress for early fall wear, made for one of our "leaders" in New York society, the skirt of which escapes the ground two inches behind, as well as before and at the sides. It is a very pretty and economical dress. The foundation of the skirt is of black tamise cloth. The flounces are of black gros-grain silk and black tamise, arranged thus: on the front breadths is a deep kilt-pleated flounce, reaching to the knees. The pleats are laid in alternate sections of tamise and gros-grain, consequently the soft crapy finish of the one material sets off in the handsomest manner the silky sheen of the other. A flat bias band of the silk and an upright quilling of the two materials in sections finish this flounce at the top, while refers of the tamise, bound with silk and ornamented with flat Arabian bows of silk, divide the front breadths from the back. The bottom flounce in the back is of tamise, and is kilt-pleated, the one above it of silk, and cut on the bias. The back flounces alternate in this style, almost to the waist. A short apron of silk covers the front breadths, and curving up, high on the hips, ends in wide sashes in the back, which are looped in several long loops and floating sash-ends. The whole is trimmed with a bias band of tamise and a handsome plain twisted silk fringe. The plain corsage of silk is covered with a sleeveless jacket of tamise, opening in front to show the corsage buttoning to the throat as a vest. This corsage has a long double point in front. The coat-sleeves of silk are trimmed at the wrist, up to the elbow with pleatings of tamise and silk. The jacket is finished with bias bands of silk, and fringe around the bottom, and in the arm-holes.

The effect of this costume is as rich as if it was composed entirely of silk, and the cost is diminished by the use of the tamise to fully one-third less than silk. Moreover, it is lighter than if composed entirely of heavy gros-grain—a very important consideration in a walking-suit.

Such a dress could be duplicated in any colored silk and cashmere in a manner that would produce a charming cameo costume.

To return to our fashion plates: Polonaise are still to be worn, but tunics and basques bid fair to be more popular.

Sleeves are to be worn tight at the wrist, but trimmed with deep cuffs reaching to the elbow, or pleatings to simulate an open sleeve.

Deep kilt-pleated flounces, and flounces arranged in that style for the front breadth, and to simulate a tunic in the back, are repeated on every plate.

Hoop-skirts are to be exploded; but a large bustle with hoops extending down the back to give shape to the skirts will take their place.

A new paillet called "THE FERRET" is found among the styles for fall dress wraps. It falls open in front, displaying the vest or corsage and the apron of the tunic.

A new and fashionable trimming for heading flounces is known as the Snap-Dragon Ruche. It is arranged in hollow pleats fastened open, in the shape of the flower of that name.

Trains of evening dresses are worn shorter, and with less trimming on them. The sleeves are very short again, and the corsage low in front and back, but high on the shoulders. This style is becoming to so few ladies that there will certainly be innovations made by women of independence.

HOUSEKEEPERS AND MOTHERS will be delighted to learn that a Fire-Proof Starch has been invented and patented. At the International Exhibition in London some very pretty walking costumes, made of such materials, were exhibited, made non-inflammable by means of this patent starch. Laundresses are opposed to it, saying it gives extra trouble, but the directions for use are very simple, and a writer in a leading English fashion journal states that she has given the starch a trial, and found no difficulty in following the directions, and that, upon applying a light to the fabric starched with it, instead of a bright flame, which would have been the result under the ordinary process, a smoldering flame, such as would be produced by burning silk, was all. Such an invention may be a matter of life and death to those nearest and dearest to us, and deserves our most serious attention. It is at least worth a fair trial.

A new ware called "Limoges" is coming into extensive use in the place of French china. It is imported from France, and it takes the most practiced eye to tell it from china. It comes in graceful forms, and can be decorated with bands of blue, green, rose-color, or buff, tipped with gold, and monograms added also at a comparatively trifling extra expense. A full dinner-set of the "Limoges," consisting of 155 pieces, costs only \$25! Think of that, dear ladies, and if you have \$25, your own pin-money, to expend in any way you choose, do not hesitate a moment between a new dress, or a love of a bonnet, either of which could last only one short season, and an investment which would make your dining-room attractive to your husband and children for years. If a piece should be broken, it could be replaced at a trifling cost. For instance, a whole dozen of "Limoges" dinner-plates costs \$2; twelve dessert-plates, \$1.50; soup-plates, \$2; saucers, 90 cts; small butter-plates, 60 cts; coffee-cups, \$2.50; tea-cups, \$2; egg-cups, 60 cts; mustard-cups, \$1.50 per dozen. If you should be so unfortunate as to break one of your covered or uncovered dishes, it will cost from only \$2.50 to 90 cts, to replace it. These figures should be studied by ladies who are housekeepers of moderate means, yet have an ambition to have their tables present that neat and elegant appearance which is so sure to make home a pleasant place to husband and children. Not only in the dining-room, but in every apartment of the house, money can be well and economically expended in the present day of invention and progress, which is too often thrown away for dress. We live in an age which may truly be called the age of the poor man's home—when chromos, costing from \$1 to \$20, can be placed on the walls of the home of small means, which shall vie in beauty with the costliest paintings—when carpets cover the floors, pretty as those sent from the looms of Brussels or Axminster, and pretty tamboured muslin, or Nottingham lace curtains, at a comparatively trifling cost, can drape the windows and alcoves of the cottage, imitating and rivaling in beauty the most costly real hand-wrought laces of Belgian and French manufacture.

EMILY VERDERY.
(MRS. E. V. BATTEY.)

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Computer Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and so filling up the full page space. A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to pronounce unavailable the following MSS.: "Geraldine," Indian Scene," the two MSS. by Septimus Blossom; "A Father's Hate"; "Summer Chords"; "Legend of Tumeah Run"; "A Story of Modern Times"; "Mirusko's Peril"; "A Ghost in the Seal Skirt Cape"; "Dr. Livingston's Search"; "The Dean's Daughter"; "Rose-Glen"; "He Stopped to Conquer"; "No, Sir; not to You"; "The School Trial"; "Major O'Keefe"; "The Wild Goose Chase"; "A Horn Blast"; "Sweet be thy Dreams."

The following contributions we will find place for, sooner or later: "To a Friend"; "Where to Remember"; "Will of a Catastrophe"; "Maud or Mad"; "My good Genius"; "Peace and Peace"; The MSS. by T. T. we can not examine at present.—The poems by C. S. always will call from, as occasion permits. Three or four of them are very good.—The sketches by Miss E. B. we shall have to return. Send them to some of the ladies' magazines.

H. D. G. We do not pay for poetry, as a rule, as we are overrun with free offerings which merit a place, and which we can not certainly cast aside to give place to paid contributions which are of no sense better. Poetry is only good in small doses.

DREWER, New York, for all necessary information upon the ways and means of learning the business of wood engraving.

ALICE. Have an open and candid understanding with the young man. The betrothal ring ought to be evidence to him of the binding nature of his engagement. If, however, he has changed his mind, better know it at once and thus free yourself from an obligation which he does not seem to respect.

TOM G. Most of the leading copyright publishers will receive and read your source of title to W. A. Pond & Co., or J. S. Peters, of this city.

M. C. N. We are not astrologists and can not cast your horoscope. The idea that being born under certain planetary influences affects the character or destiny of the person is the most arrogant nonsense. We do not advise any young man to go to Minnesota, or anywhere else, to see a fortune teller. It is going for and going to. We know "Uncle Horace" advises everybody to "go West," but such advice is sometimes a very good one, and plenty of demand for all kinds of hard labor—and so there is in any one of the old States.

INQUIRER. We can not supply complete sets of the "Wolf Demon." The extraordinary popularity of the story has exhausted our supply. We shall, however, reproduce the serial—an announcement which we know will be received with pleasure. Additional interest will be imparted to the story by the author's revision. He will superadd some new features of uncommon interest.

BOY HUNTER. We have a new series of Ralph Ringwood's Camp-Fire Yarns for sale, for the year—some of the very best that Ralph ever penned. Alas! that he will pen no more! Our peculiar literature of the Border lost much when Ralph Ringwood died.

LIGHTNING JO. Authors should always write their true name and address on the first page of each MS. submitted. It sometimes occurs that the name of the author is not to be identified in the editor's pile of matter. Any thing that advances an editor's dispatch of work is always a welcome order.

INQUIRER. Back numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL can be obtained through your newsdealer, or by application at this office.

CHARLES HENDRICKS. To enter upon a full collegiate course of study, you must commence with the Freshman class; then comes the Sophomore, next the Junior, and last, the Senior class, which is the graduating class. By diligence and a good mind you can go through college in four years, giving one year to each of the above classes.

WATERHOUSE. If you wish to secure the return of a letter you write and intrust to the mail—in case it should not reach its destination, or if you wish to place upon it, "If not delivered in ten days return to—All paid postage will be secured by the return of the letter." The letters G. P. O. will secure the return of all paid postage.

INQUIRER. Book numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL can be obtained through your newsdealer, or by application at this office.

CHARLES HENDRICKS. To enter upon a full collegiate course of study, you must commence with the Freshman class; then comes the Sophomore, next the Junior, and last, the Senior class, which is the graduating class. By diligence and a good mind you can go through college in four years, giving one year to each of the above classes.

MADAME FROST. It is a sad and a very indelible ink now, in marking clothes, as an indelible pencil has been invented, which is just as good in retaining its color.

CARVER BURGESS. Cortez conquered Mexico, after a long and bloody war, in 1521. Montezuma was the reigning emperor when the Spaniards first invaded the country, and Guatimozin was emperor when the Mexicans acknowledged allegiance to Cortez and his army.

VESTA. The Natchez Indians were at one time the greatest tribe dwelling within what is now the State of Mississippi. They were a powerful and warlike chief as ruler, and among them were different grades of nobility, from the highest to the lowest classes. The tribe has long since disappeared, and now, then a lonely remnant of it may be found in the State of Mississippi.

POET. We can recommend you "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," as it is the simplest, work of giving information of the words that rhyme. But where a poet has to resort to a dictionary for his rhymes we look for "machine" verse.

LITTLE MISS. A *serenade* is an evening entertainment; a *matinee* is a morning entertainment.

SCHOOL MISSES. The following names have the following significations: Abel, vanity; Adolphus, happiness; Albert, all bright; Alexander, helper; Ambrose, a man of God; Archibald, a man of God; Augustin, grand; Baldwin, winner; Barnaby, prophet; Beaumont, pretty model; Bernard, bear's heart; Benjamin, son of the right; Bertram, a man of God; Cadwallader, valiant; Cecil, dim-sighted; Conrad, able; Outburt, famous; Dunstan, most high; Egbert, ever bright; Eustace, firm; Everard, well reported; Eustace, firm; Geoffrey, youth; Adeline, princess; Agnes, chaste; Althea, truth; Arabella, fair; Anselmo, like gold; Beatrice, happy; Bernice, blessed; Cassandra, a woman of God; Cecily, a woman of God; Edith, happiness; Eleanor, faithful; Joyce, pleasure; Letitia, gladness; Lois, better; Milfred, mild; and Psycho, soul.

M. R. The Roman names of days of the week are *Dies Solis*, or day of the Sun; *Dies Lunae*, or day of the Moon; *Dies Martis*, or day of Mars; *Dies Mercurii*, or day of Mercury; *Dies Jovis*, or day of Jupiter; *Dies Veneris*, or day of Venus; *Dies Saturni*, or day of Saturn.

HARRY B. D. Siegmund Thalberg, the great musical composer and pianist, was born in Geneva, Jan. 7th, 1818, and died at London, April 28th, 1870.

OLD PROTEST. Yes; the Sappho beat the famous Livonia on October 20th, 1871. Corrected time for allowance—Sappho, five hours, thirty-nine seconds; Livonia, six hours, nine minutes and twenty-three seconds.

CONCERT-GOER. The latest public hall in America is the Horticultural Hall, of Philadelphia. It contains over fifteen thousand seats.

YOUNG MUSICIAN. Keep your piano free from dust, in a dry place, and not exposed to draughts. It will sound better if placed about two inches from the wall. Do not load it with too many music, books, etc., as the tone is thereby deadened, and a disagreeable sound often produced.

ALEXANDER W. It is better to say "a physician," than "a surgeon" (according to his degree) than a medical man.

SALOME. Your name is from the Hebrew, and interpreted means *perfect*.

ADONIS. Bands are becoming to faces of a Grecian cast. Ringlets better suit expressive brows. FORTUNATE. Make up your mind to do something at once, and do it well. It will depend upon the occupation you choose whether you will succeed better in the country than in the city.

PHILIPPA. Egg-shells placed in the coffee before boiling will clear it and impart a rich flavor.

MARIA. Yes; sleeping in linen not very thoroughly dried is decidedly injurious, and serious consequences often attend it. Never take the matty word for it, but always air your undergarments before putting them on.

SADIE. The undertaker will advise respecting the degree of mourning, and the degree of mourning to be worn must be modified by the age and relationship of the deceased.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Suggested by the grand scenery of America.

BY CHARLES OLLIVANT.

Columbia's the land where the sun doth ever shine,
The sky is always blue, the air is pure and fine;
Where, in summer, from the west the gentle breezes
Blow,
And in the winter season falls the feathery snow.
Where, in autumn, all the woods in vivid colors
Gleam,
The colors of the rainbow—so bright it seems a
dream.
While through their depths there wanders the gentle
ly-flowing stream,
The crystal rill that over so beautiful doth seem.
And when spring begins to dawn upon the fruitful
land,
The leaves begin to open, the blossoms to expand,
Then all the earth is changed, as by a magic wand
Cold winter disappears—the woods again are grand.
The caroling of birds once more is heard above,
As one unto the other they utter notes of love.
The mock-bird pours his peerless song from out
the cedar grove,
While softly cooing to his mate is heard the turtle-
dove.

Deep in the leafy forest the blue-bird wings his
flight,
Filling it with melody from early dawn till night.
The mirthful oriole is seen perched on a tulip tree;
And afar is heard the lay of the plaintive *kee-da-dee*.
Oh, Columbia's a lovely land—the loveliest on earth—
The brightest jewel in the crown of Him who gave
it birth.
I see it in the budding trees, that tell me it is spring,
Whose green and golden frondage glads memories to
me bring:
I hear it in the trilling of gayly-plumaged birds
That sounds upon my dreamy sense like angel-
uttered words:
I feel it in the zephyr's breath as it fans my temples
by
For it whispers to me gently, that God is in the sky.
Salé, Cheshire, England, 1872.

Strangely Wed:

OR,

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

JUSTINE FINDS A CLUE.

JUSTINE's first impulse was to fly from
The Terrace, and the pitfalls that awaited
her there.

"Oh," she thought, whom can I trust
when a woman could so shamelessly betray
me? I know now that my dream was not
all a dream. I believe that Miss Gardiner
stole my ring from my finger while I slept,
probably instigated by my guardian.

"Oh, you precious pair of plotters! what
would you say, I wonder, to my knowledge
of your infamous schemes? We shall see
if I can not meet your hypocrisy with the
strategy which in my hands is justifiable as
a means of self-defense.

"To you, Mr. Granville, I owe no duty;
to you, Miss Gardiner, neither obligation
nor gratitude. I shall have no compunc-
tions, now that I am assured of the fate
you are planning for me; but I'll thwart
your schemes by any means, fair or foul,
that I can command.

"Oh, to think that I should have so foolish-
ly confided in that woman! For myself
I do not care, but have I not placed Gerald
in greater jeopardy? She knows how I
planned for his escape from the prison, and
I can not doubt but that she has already
betrayed him! My darling! if my folly
has thrown a suspicion of reproach upon
you, it shall be mine to clear you of every
shadow. Oh, me! I have been easily blind-
ed; I have made vain vaunts and walked
straight into the trap my enemies set for
me, but, for your sake, my husband, I will
be so wary that I shall thwart their wicked
plans."

Miss Gardiner executed her trust most
faithfully. Justine, thoroughly upon her
guard, saw, without pretending to see, that
the espionage over her was complete.

Miss Gardiner's maid, Finette, had been
sent for, together with such luggage as the
lady would require during her stay at The
Terrace. And now, every movement of
Justine's was carefully noted by the sharp
eyes of either mistress or maid. Even the
household servants, glancing at her askance
and sorrowfully shaking their heads, had
combined with the forces against her.

She knew herself to be watched night
and day, and endured it more patiently
than she might have done but for a resolve
she had already taken.

"The measure they mete me shall be re-
turned to them," she said, to herself.

It was the second day of Mr. Granville's
absence. Justine was careful to give her en-
emies no hint of the information she had
gained, so she met Miss Gardiner with ap-
parently the same frank confidence she had
hitherto given her, and, though burning
with impatience, would not draw suspicion
upon herself by any premature movement.

Her guardian had prohibited her departure
from the immediate surroundings of The
Terrace, and in this she yielded him implicit
obedience. Perhaps she knew that an open
disregard of his mandates would have im-
mediately deprived her of the semblance
of liberty she now enjoyed.

The afternoon was wearing close upon
evening when she drew a shawl loosely
about her shoulders, and went out upon the
terraces. She knew that Finette was hover-
ing near, screening herself behind the
shrubbery, with some extra wrappings over
her arm to serve as a pretext for her pre-
sence there should she know herself dis-
covered; but Justine, preferring the silent
espionage of the maid to the companionship
of the mistress, gave no sign of conscious-
ness.

She left the terraces after a time, follow-
ing the curve of the drive in the direction
of the stables. She had seen Mace go alone
into the harness room, and he, of all the
servitors about the place, was the only one
she could trust. She found him polishing
the solid silver buckles, with a lugubrious
expression of countenance.

"Why, Mace," she said, laughingly, "I
never saw you wear such a funeral aspect
before! What melancholy prospect have
you in view?"

The man started and looked up in an em-
barrassed way.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Justine. I
didn't know you were nigh; leastwise, I
didn't mean you should see—" His tongue
blundered confusedly, but his meaning was
apparent in the piteous look he gave her.

"Look here, Mace," said Justine, in a
low, decided tone. "I know perfectly well
what report has been set afloat regarding
me. I want you to look at me now and
tell me if there is anything in my appear-
ance to indicate that I am not sane as you
are."

She turned her face squarely to his view,
and met his eyes with a clear, steady gaze.

"I never saw a crazy person look like
that," muttered Mace, half to himself.

"Of course not. How long have you
lived at The Terrace, Mace?"

"Full twenty years, Miss. I was only a
chuck of a boy when I first came here."

"You were not coachman then, of
course?" continued Justine, in a tone which
was half-inquiry, half-assertion.

"No, Miss. I was only stable-boy at first,
but young Mr. Clare—your father, Miss
Justine—took a fancy to me, and took me
into the house to wait on him. A gentle
master he was to me, and I've not forgot
his kindness. I had a poor old widowed
mother, who was like to have been turned
out of house and home by Mr. Granville,
too, who'd just come to be master here.

Well, when Mr. Clare knew of it, he bought
the title deed of the house—there'd been a
mortgage on it to a most ill full value—and
gave her a free lease for the rest of her life.

Poor gentleman! he was always weakly,
and after he took to his room I was sent
back to a place in the stables. I had a liking
for horses always, and so came to be coach-
man in time."

"I am glad that you hold such a kindly
remembrance of my father, Mace; I want
you now to be a friend to his daughter."

"My guardian has an object in getting
me out of the way, and only yesterday
morning I heard him planning to have me
sent to an insane asylum. Was my father
supposed to be a poor man, Mace, when you
can first remember him?"

"No, Miss Justine. Everybody wondered
when it was found that he'd left near about
nothing to you and your mother, rich as
she was in her own right besides. I re-
member the day that her guardian, old Mr.
Gardiner, rode over here, and would give up
the papers into nobody's hands but her
own."

"Gardiner," repeated Justine, amazedly.

"Yes, Miss. The lady staying at the
house now is his daughter, but I remember,
there was a grudge of some sort between
her and Mrs. Clare."

"Ah, now I have the key to her treach-
ery," thought Justine.

"I never could rightly understand what
became of the money," continued Mace, re-
flectively.

"I can tell you, then. Mr. Granville got
possession of it all, and it is to prevent it
being forced from him now that he has re-
ported me deranged."

"And, Mace, every word I tell you is
truth. My father did not die! Mr. Gran-
ville has hidden him away for fifteen years,
as a lunatic, too. Heaven knows whether
it be true or not, but I do not believe it."

The man was staring at her as if he
thought she really had lost her senses at
last.

"I am not raving," she said, quietly.

"What I say is all true."

"I have not time to tell you more now.
I am not lost sight of for a moment by the
spies Mr. Granville has set to watch over
me. Look there."

Mace looked, and saw Finette, who had
emerged into the open walk ostensibly to
carry on a flirtation with Michael, the foot-
man, who was lounging out for the evening
air.

"You are the only one I can trust," con-
tinued she. "You will stand by me, will
you not?"

"I will indeed, Miss Justine," returned
Mace, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm.

"I'll do anything you ask of me."

"I knew I could rely upon you," said
she, gratefully. "You remember the day I
left The Terrace?"

He signified his assent.

"Mr. Granville was gone a night and a
day immediately afterward. Can you tell
me where?"

"None of us knew. He set off in the
late evening; what makes me remember so
particular was that he wore that white
overcoat he's not had on another time all
the winter. It was while he was gone, too,
that the infernal machine came to young
Mr. Lambert. They say that the man who
sent the box has as good as convicted him-
self."

"How is that?" Justine forced herself to
ask quietly, while her heart throbbed in
painful bounds.

"He tried to break jail last night. It's
as good as confessing to his guilt, you
know."

She repressed the moaning cry upon her
lips, and turned her whitening face away.

"I want you to go down the ravine in
the Granville wood, Mace, to a little hut
which is built there. You will find an old
woman, and a young fellow—a Gipsy—
who are good friends of mine. Tell them
what I have told you, and they will find
means of aiding me. Will you do it,
Mace?"

"Yes, Miss Justine."

She walked away, turning after a few
steps to call back to him:

"Let me know when Lady Bess is over
her lameness, Mace. It is a month since
I've been on her back, and I want one ride
while these bright days last."

Mace understood her tactics when he
saw that Finette had sauntered within ear-
shot.

The latter accosted him with a volley of
light chatter at her tongue's end.

It was a beautiful evening, and how
could Monsieur Mace hide himself in that
room while the sun was setting all in purple
and red? Oh, what a lovely whip up
there on the wall! and the young lady was
very condescending, was she not, to stay
talking with him so long? Was it really
true, as she'd been told, that mademoiselle
was a little touched here?—laying her fin-
ger on her brow. Odd, wasn't it, to think
of riding so late in the season, with the
road so lonely, too? For her part, she
was partial to a carriage at all times. Did
Miss Clare ever drive alone?—it was get-
ting quite fashionable for young ladies to
do so. What had she been saying to him,
anyway?

All with an accompaniment of smiles,
and flutters, and coquettish airs, that were
quite lost on stolid Mace.

Miss Justine was quite friendly with
them all, he assured her. Touched?—
some thought so. She was rather odd and
whimsical, but for his part he hoped it was
nothing more. What had she said? Been
teasing to take out Lady Bess, but he'd see
that it wasn't done; why, the road was
frozen so that it was worse than a cobble-
stone pavement, and every one knew how
that would use up a pacer.

And convinced that all was right, Finette
fluttered back to the footman, who was
much more to her mind, having meantime
seen that Justine entered the house again.

The latter encountered Miss Gardiner on

the broad stairway, robed in full dinner-
dress.

"En toilette already?" said Justine, care-
lessly, in passing. "I was wondering if
you might not be needing your maid; I
saw her just now promenading one of the
garden walks."

"French maids, my dear, are often orna-
mental as useful," returned Miss Alethea,
lightly. "I keep one because it is *au fait*
to do so, but I don't let my own fingers
forget the purpose they were made for.
I'll send Finette to you if you care for her
assistance, Justine."

"No, thank you. I'm going to Sylvie
for a half-hour before I dress; I've scarcely
had an uninterrupted chat with her since my
return, and we were inseparable always be-
fore."

She passed on in the direction of the lat-
ter's apartments, but found them quite vac-
ant.

She had been inexpressibly shocked at
the change which had been effected in her
friend during the few weeks of their separa-
tion. Sylvie's slight form had wasted, and her
delicate face lost the faint flush of health,
while she had gained an ethereal look and
a solemn wistfulness in her big sunken blue
eyes that half-awed impulsive Justine.

The latter had not seen Lambert since
her return. She still entertained a ranking
of resentment notwithstanding the terrible
calamity which had befallen him, and this
had persuaded her to avoid the apartments
to which he was still confined. She turned
toward them now, knowing that she would
find Sylvie there.

The door opened noiselessly beneath her
touch, and she stood on the threshold a
moment, unseen by the occupants of the
room.

All her resentment faded away at sight
of that pitiable wreck.

Lambert reclined on a low couch with a
pile of soft bright cushions at his back.
His whole wealth of fair bright hair had
been shorn close to his head; the long glit-
tering side-whiskers that had been his pride
were sacrificed as well. A zigzag scar of a
vivid scarlet color marred his once-hand-
some face; but it was his eyes, fixed in a
wide-open gaze upon his companion, that
sent a thrill of infinite pity through Jus-
tine's heart. They reflected the same kind
of pleading fondness which she had seen in
those of some timid animal.

Sylvie was sitting by him; he was hold-
ing her hand, stroking it softly with his
thin white fingers. She looked up but did
not move as Justine came forward.

"I am glad you have come, dear," she
said, quietly. "You were scarcely good
friends with Percy when you went away,
and now I know you will not feel any ill-
will against him. He does not know you,
poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Justine, with a
sigh. "I was prepared for a change, but
not for one so startling. Has he recognized
no one since his injury?"

"He knows me," returned Sylvie, "and
is always quite contented when I am with
him. Look! I really believe he remembers
you."

Justine spoke to him with her eyes suffus-
ed with tears.

Lambert looked at her with a troubled
face, with a shifting, puzzled expression
which for an instant had seemed almost like
recognition.

"I thought I remembered something," he
said, plaintively. "It was there, but it has
gone again now."

"Try to think," said Justine. "You
know me now, do you not? I am Justine;
don't you remember?"

He shook his head slowly.

"It's such hard work to think," he replied,
pettily, like a spoiled child. "I have tri-
bled often, but it makes my head ache—
Sylvie must think for me."

"They say he will never be better," she
whispered to Justine. "Once, when
papa came in, I thought he remembered;
but he grew excited and was so feverish af-
terward that the doctor thought it best papa
should not come again. Is it not sorrowful
to see a young life like his so suddenly made
blank?"

"But, he may recover yet," said Justine,
trying to speak hopefully. "Good medical
advice has worked greater wonders before
this."

Sylvie shook her head mournfully, and
after lingering a moment more, Justine went
silently away.

"How our lives grow tangled," she said
to herself, with a sigh. "My poor Saint
Sylvie, you are more to be pitied than even
he."

The corridor was clear as she emerged
from the room, and seeing this she darted
toward a large stationary wardrobe which
was built in a recess at the end of it.

She remembered having seen that hand-
some white overcoat with its trimmings of
rich fur, hanging there.

It was there still, and she plunged her
hands elbow-deep into one after another of
the great pockets.

She found nothing but some bits of
crumpled pasteboard crushed in the corner
of one of them. With the insignificant
trifles hidden in her hand, she hastened
back to her chamber, encountering Finette
near the door.

"Treachery for treachery," she said to
herself, as she examined her prize by the
firelight.

There was a punched railway ticket from
Pittsburgh to Centerton, and the stamp
upon it bore the date, "Nov. 30th."

It was the night of the thirtieth of No-
vember, that that box had come to Lam-
bert!

The other bit of pasteboard was merely a
business card. Justine's first impulse was to
fling it upon the grate, but, reading the
name upon it, a comprehensive light flashed
into her eyes.

It was "James Wert, Locksmith, No. 9
Blank street, Pittsburgh."

She put the two securely away together.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRAP AND WHO IS CAUGHT IN IT.

MR. GRANVILLE returned in the gray
dawn of the following morning. He was
haggard, travel-stained and morose. He
had scarcely slept or eaten; he had tele-
graphed to detectives in all the cities
reached by direct line of travel from that
section, to watch the different termini; he
had made a flying visit to his lawyer, warn-
ing the latter to be upon his guard against
an attempt which he had reason to believe
would be made to establish an absurd but
possibly troublesome charge against him.
He had searched far and wide for some
trace of the fugitives, and had failed to dis-
cover the slightest clue.

He passed a word or two with Miss Gard-
iner, assuring himself that nothing of im-
portance had occurred during his absence;
then retired to his own apartments, and did
not appear during the day.

Justine found an opportunity to speak
with Mace, seeking the result of his mis-
sion. He had been to the little woodland
hut, and found it quite deserted. He made
such inquiry as he could, without exciting
attention, but neither Art Lyon or old Na-
ome had been seen in the neighborhood at
any recent date.

Justine was quite alone except for such
aid as faithful Mace might render her.

There was an arrival at The Terrace dur-
ing that same day. A gentleman was set
down at the gates, by a fly from the town,
and slowly ascended the marble steps of the
terraces, swinging a light valise in his
hand.

He sent his card up to Miss Gardiner.
The lady was in the blue drawing-room in-
structing Justine in the sleight of some in-
tricate stitch. Time hung heavily on their
hands at The Terrace these days, until even
worsted-work, which was Justine's pet
abomination, proved a happy resource. It
was hard with such an undercurrent of
strong excitement to preserve a tranquil,
monotonous surface.

"My own medical adviser," explained
Miss Alethea, glancing at the pasteboard.
"I persuaded Mr. Granville to consult him in
the case of that poor Mr. Lambert. I'm
afraid your guardian forgot to order an
apartment prepared for him; will you see
that it is done, my dear?"

Justine saw through this flimsy pretext to
dispense with her presence, but was quite
willing to withdraw at the risk of having
new plots laid against her.

"There is nothing more I can do here,"
she said to herself. "I have found my clue,
side F will only incur new dangers by re-
maining here. I will fly from The Terrace
this very night, if I can find the opportu-
nity."

She was obliged to relinquish the project
as impracticable when she found that Mace
had been sent away on some legitimate
mission. She could not afford to run the
risk of another discovery and recapture;
for Gerald's sake she must avoid rash ven-
tures.

The whole party gathered about the din-
ing-table at the usual hour. To an observer
they would have seemed a merry company,
fully alive to the enjoyments of the time,
with care a stranger in their midst.

Justine was more versatile and brilliant
than at any previous time since her return.
She was measuring the depth of the new
recruit in the enemy's service, and came to
the conclusion that they had procured a
dangerous ally to work against her.

He was forty—short, florid, and with a
crop of coarse black hair, close-cut and
standing upright over his round, bullet
head. Rapidity and cunning were stamped
on his thick features.

Doctor Bruce was molded, body and
soul, out of the material from which the
most brutal ruffianism springs, but some
untoward freak of Fate or Fortune had de-
posited him in a sphere high above the one
for which nature had evidently fitted him.

"If I had money enough," thought Jus-
tine, "I could easily buy him over. I
wouldn't dare attempt it while I have little
more than promises to offer. He would
make what he could of me, and then sell
me to the highest bidder."

He talked easily and wore the garb of a
gentleman; but he had a gruff, harsh voice,
which, taken with his repulsive counte-
nance, made him any thing than a pleasing
companion.

"My dear, Miss Alethea said to Sylvie
as they were leaving the dining-hall, 'I
mean to take possession of your charge to-
morrow. Doctor Bruce assures me that he
is quite strong enough to be driven out; I
think fresh air, change of scene and moder-
ate exercise will prove beneficial. You
must take a little rest, you most devoted of
nurses! You are not afraid to trust Lam-
bert in my hands, are you?"

"But he has not been out of his room,"
remonstrated Sylvie. "I fear the change
will be too sudden."

"It is the very thing he needs, and I shall
not listen to objections while I am able to
shake superior orders over your head. I
have your approval, have I not, Mr. Gran-
ville?" she appealed, laughingly.

"I beg your pardon?" He had not been
following the drift of the conversation.

Miss Alethea explained, appealing to the
doctor to corroborate her assertion of the
good effects to be expected as a result of the
drive.

"By all means, try it," said Mr. Granville.

"I quite agree with you; Percy has been
cooped up in those close rooms fully long
enough. How can we expect him to gain
strength when my girl here is drooping like
a faded lily? I have not been watching
you closely enough, my daughter; you must
promise not to over-tax your strength as
you have been doing, or I shall forbid your
presence in the invalid's room entirely."

He drew Sylvie to him, with a caressing
gesture. After all, there was some good in
the man's nature, and it was all centered in
his love for his daughter.

"At least, I may go, too?" she asked.

"Not to be thought of," declared Miss
Gardiner, with a playful assumption of
tyranny. "My object is as much to relieve
you of all sense of responsibility for a short
time, as to give Lambert a change from the
tedium of the house."

Sylvie could make no further protest.

Justine received another summons to the
presence of her guardian the following
morning. He was in his study, where he
had just concluded a private interview with
Doctor Bruce.

She refused the chair he proffered her on
her entrance, and silently awaited his
pleasure.

"I will not detain you long," said he,
grimly observant of the coolness with which
she ignored his civilities. "I merely require
your signature to a document I have already
prepared."

"You might have spared yourself the
trouble of sending for me, then," she re-
turned. "I have quite too great an appre-
ciation of your diplomatic powers to fol-
low any course you may choose to pre-
scribe."

"You are complimentary. I do not doubt
that you will comply with my request when
I shall have explained the nature of the
writing to you."

"I will read it if you require me to do so,
but I assure you that I will not put my hand
to paper—no matter for what apparent
purpose—at your desire. I have heard of sym-
pathetic inks, and of the body of documents
being changed with chemical preparations;
I should fear some such metamorphose in
case there are no objectionable clauses."

"An unpleasant smile parted her guar-
dian's lips.

"Your suspicions are quite without founda-
tion," he replied, in that quiet manner
which she had learned to know portended
mischief. "The paper is full of technical
phrases, and I can detail its contents in a
tenth of the time you would require to read
it."

"It is simply an application on your part
for a divorce from Gerald Fonteney. The
grounds for granting it are apparent
enough. As your guardian, I have legal
authority to act for you, but as I said, your
signature is also a requisition."

"How dare you propose such a thing to
me?" cried Justine, in hot anger. "This is
my answer, Mr. Granville."

She snatched the document from the ta-
ble, and tearing it to fragments, scattered
them on the floor.

"How fortunate I took the precaution to
duplicate it," remarked Mr. Granville, cool-
ly. "This outbreak was not quite unex-
pected,

"You are a good, faithful fellow, Mace, and I'll reward you if I ever come into my own. There, go away before it is discovered that you have spoken to me."

He turned away at her bidding, and Justice closed the window.

"I'll escape from them yet, or break my neck in the attempt," she said, desperately. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "HERCULES," "THE
HENDRICK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK
CHESBENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE tall man and the short man, who were in pursuit of Percy Wolfe, had been thrown off the scent by the latter's very unconsciousness of their presence and intentions.

Perhaps, had he known of what was progressing, that the two were so closely and significantly pursuing him—he would have gone straight to the depot from the hotel, to elude them—wherever they were, or whatever they wanted—for, under the existing state of affairs, he would not be detained by any thing in his resolution to go at once to Ingleside, where he would probably meet the party whose utterances had accidentally caused him much excitement.

The short man caught the 12:45 train, after a hard run, just as it was going out. For some time he remained on the rear platform of the last car, to recover his breath.

Then he adjusted his collar, shook himself and prepared for "business," for, notwithstanding the words of the servant at the National, he believed that the person he sought was on that train.

First, he drew forth a long, slim pocket-book. From this he extracted a card photograph; and at the latter he gazed hard for several seconds.

Restoring the articles to his breast pocket, he nodded his head in a satisfied way, entered the car, and began walking slowly along the aisle.

Every passenger was subjected to a momentary scrutiny by those small, sharp, piercing eyes. But he did not find the one he wanted.

The next car was gone through in the same way; and so on, until he reached the baggage-car. Then he retraced his steps, darting those keen, searching glances on every side.

When he again stood on the platform, he frowned, disappointedly.

"Not here, sure," he grunted. "It's too bad if we've lost him, after all the trouble we've had following him up! Just as we were about to clap hands on him, too. Bah!"

At the first opportunity, he found time to telegraph to the office of the National Hotel, in Washington; after which he took a seat in the smoking-car, to cogitate.

The tall man was soon before the door of Mrs. Rochestine's house. But he saw that it was unoccupied, and concluded that he had either received the wrong direction, or the "bird had flown."

After lingering awhile, he ordered the driver back to the hotel, where he walked, uneasily, back and forth, before the telegraph window, awaiting to hear from his partner; for he knew that the latter, if he caught the train, would send word here of his success.

"Is there any thing here for Neal Hardress?" he asked, at length.

"Neal Hardress?" repeated the man. "Neal—yes; there's something coming in now."

"Ah!" His face brightened.

"Wait a moment, please." And when the message was received, he asked: "Are you the gentleman?"

"Yes. Let me hear it."

The message was brief, disappointing, interrogative, as follows:

"Smoking-car, 12:45 train.
"Not on this train. Shall I take 2 p. m. cars back, or wait at depot? Telegram to Relay."
Kirk Brand.

The tall man immediately telegraphed to the Relay House, to intercept the train:

"Go on. Meet me at depot."

For something whispered to him that the man they wanted was no longer in Washington.

Then he ordered a cab, and was driven to the depot, intending to take the 3 o'clock train.

As he loitered on the platform, he noticed a party who was walking rapidly to and fro, puffing clouds of smoke from a meerschaum pipe. At first he paid him no particular attention; but, at one time, the smoker came quite close, before he turned, and, by force of habit, the tall man bestowed a scrutinizing glance upon him.

Instantly he started, looked again and closer; then he drew a photograph out of his pocket, and divided his glances between this and—Percy Wolfe.

In a moment his quick eye caught sight of a faint scar, half-hidden by a newly encouraged beard; and in another moment a complacent smile settled on his face, as he muttered:

"May I never cage a rascal, as long as I live, if here isn't the very bird I'm after! That's Percy Wolfe, I'll swear it! And I'm Neal Hardress, detective. Um—m! If Kirk was only here now! But I guess he goes on the next train—and if he does, we'll nab him at Baltimore!"

He kept near to his spotted game. Not a movement made by Percy Wolfe was lost by the watchful detective.

When Wolfe bought his ticket, the other was right behind him. And Neal Hardress felt relieved of a sudden uneasiness that had come upon him, when he saw that the young man was going no further than Baltimore.

"Got him, sure!" thought the detective, exultantly, as he dogged the motions of his man. "Just wait till we reach Baltimore, my fine fellow, and you'll see something to astonish you!"

When Wolfe took a seat Neal Hardress occupied the next one in his rear.

When the young man sought the smoking-car, to relight his pipe, and find comfort in its fumes, the detective followed, produced a Havana, and, from an opposite seat, calmly watched and waited, while he puffed the scented clouds of bluish white around his head.

On one finger Wolfe wore a magnificent cluster-diamond ring. This was the final argument to convince Neal Hardress that he was not mistaken; for, the moment its wearer drew off his glove, the detective exclaimed, mentally:

"The very ring Herod Dean was seen to wear a hundred times!"

But Percy Wolfe never once dreamed of the surveillance being put upon him. As the reader knows, his whole mind was absorbed with the entanglements that were crossing his mission in that vicinity.

When the train arrived at the Camden station the first thing Neal Hardress saw was his partner, Kirk Brand.

He signaled him at once.

"What's up?" asked Brand, as he joined him, for he saw that Hardress meant caution, by the motion he made.

"We've got him!" was the whispered reply, as he hurried his companion along.

"Eh? No! Where is he?"

"There!"

Percy Wolfe wore a heavy, dark-blue overcoat, with velvet collar; a pair of light cloth pants; a black, low-crowned hat; and carried a small leather satchel.

To such a personage, just ahead of them, Hardress pointed.

"Is that him?" interrogated Brand.

"For certain! I've had my eyes on him ever since I reached the depot, where I went after answering your telegram."

"So! What now, then?"

"Gobble him!"

"Now?—here?"

"Right away! You grab one side, and I'll grab the other. After him!"

The two stropped briskly forward.

Suddenly the individual with the satchel was startled by the fall of a heavy hand on each shoulder, while Hardress growled in his ear:

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

With a cry of astonishment, the party turned.

And the two detectives echoed that cry, with a simultaneous exclamation—for the man was not Percy Wolfe!

They were baffled again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

PERCY WOLFE, on leaving the cars, hastened out at the main entrance of the depot, where he was immediately secured for the Fountain Hotel, by that good-natured negro who is known by the glaring badges he wears, as "Chief Justice of all the Porters."

Any one who has traveled to any extent in the South, knows the "Chief"—the man who has lifted more trunks, knows more of Depot life, is a better hand at drawing custom, can talk louder and longer, is more polite, and has more friends than any other member of his own race connected with R. R. affairs.

But Wolfe did not remain long in his room at the Fountain.

The best part of the afternoon was before him, and much could be accomplished in that time.

After a hearty meal he set out for Catonsville, to visit Ingleside; and, in due time he reached that admirable institution.

Imagine his astonishment when he learned that Pearl Rochestine was not there, never had been, nor was such a pupil expected at all.

But his heart gave a bound when he heard that there was another, at that moment in the building, who had come upon an errand similar to his own.

"A lady?—a—"

"Yes," was the reply.

This must be the mysterious party whom he sought, the one whose utterances, on the night previous, contained so great an import to him.

He could hardly be patient. He must see her at once—and requested this.

Then, when the messenger came back with the announcement that the lady had left for the station, just as he came in, his anxiety to be off was such that he stammered and stammered the necessary apologies, and finally ran from the reception room to his conveyance, which was waiting outside.

"Back!—back to the station!" he cried.

"Ply your whip, boy! Go!"

And the horses started at a tearing pace, while Percy Wolfe fidgeted nervously from side to side on his seat.

Three-quarters of the distance had been gone over when the boy asked, "Do you want to catch the next car to town, Mister?"

"Yes."

"Then we haven't got much time."

"Go! go! urge the horses."

"Go it is!" yelled the boy, as Percy displayed an additional dollar.

The whip was laid on till the horses broke into a gallop.

Among several passengers who were waiting, there was one female.

She seemed anxious to avoid observation, stood to one side, and he marked that her head was hung in thought.

"That's her!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

But now that the sought-for party was before him, half his fiery impulse deserted him.

He stopped short within a few feet of her. The young lady was Miss Byrne.

She had been to Ingleside, and, like Percy Wolfe had been, was astounded when she learned that Pearl was not there, and was not expected.

She knew not what to make of it. And this was the enigma which absorbed her as she mused on, unconscious of the form that was near her.

After awhile, and just as Wolfe had made up his mind to address her, she raised her eyes.

Some magnetic power drew her gaze directly to him, and their glances met. It was not a momentary glance—they looked fully at each other, as if mutually held by a strange, inexplicable influence.

Madam, or Miss, I hope you will pardon me, but I—I—he broke short.

That influence was weird and overwhelming.

As he gazed into the expressive gray eyes, that were fastened on his face, there was a fascination weaving its network through his senses, a something warm and nameless thrilled in his veins, and he could say no more.

Suddenly she saw the scar which had been Neal Hardress's clue.

Her eyes widened; her lips moved—there was a faint articulation which he could not hear.

He never experienced such sensations, in all his life, as shot through him then, while

something tugged at his brain as if to unlock the sleep of a half-buried memory.

In this woman there was a familiarity which struck, puzzled him; a magnetism that defied his efforts at self-control, and he began to tremble.

"Who are you?—tell me," gasped Miss Byrne.

He could not answer. His tongue refused its office. He could only gaze into her eyes, as if chained by a mesmerist spell.

"Where did you get that?" pointing to the scar. "Won't you speak?"

She seemed regardless of the curious glances leveled on her from the crowd of bystanders. Her lips were quivering, her bosom heaved, one hand clenched convulsively, and while her body bent slightly forward, there was a soulful expectancy written in her face.

"Where—where did you get that?"

"Miss, I—it is an old mark—I got it when I was a boy," he stammered, hardly knowing what he said.

"And your name? Tell me your name?" she whispered, quickly, her breath coming in short, panting jerks, as she took a step nearer, with her dilated eyes riveted burning into his.

"My name is Wolfe."

"Percy? Percy?" she screamed.

"Yes."

There was a sharp cry, and she reeled dizzily. But ere she fell upon the support of the strong arm that was outstretched to save her, she recovered herself, and threw herself wildly on his breast—while he, bewildered, amazed, yet still with that strange feeling in his heart, caught her to him, and looked down into the excited, eager face.

"Percy! Percy! don't you know me?"

"Oh! I don't know who I am?"

"Know you?—I—"

"Dear, dear Percy!—don't you know! oh! have you forgotten me?—forgotten Nellie!—your little Nellie!"

"Nellie!"

He uttered the one word with a gasping, choking breath, and his whole frame quivered in an overwhelming joy—for he recognized her now.

Fifteen years went from his mind, quick as an electric flash.

He saw a sister, nearly ten years old, with whom he used to romp the lawn, soar in the old-fashioned swing, go a-fishing, cull flowers, roam the woods, and love with all the ardor of his honest nature.

And that very year upon his face was the result of a fall from an apple tree, in the well-remembered orchard, while plucking the fruit to throw into the apron of the merry girl beneath him.

If all came back to him—those halcyon days of youth, when every hour of life was painted like a dream.

"Sister! sister Nellie!" he burst forth, while it would have done you good to see the tears glisten in his handsome brown eyes as he folded her tighter in his embrace;

"Is it, as it you, Nellie?"

"Percy! Percy!" she sobbed, as the loved name arose to her lips as she had been wont to utter it when a child; and laughing and crying, almost hysterical in this unexpected joy, she nestled close to the brother who had come back to her, after so many long, long years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN PERIL.

WHEN the heavy hand fell on Pearl's shoulder, as she stood at the lonely corner, glancing right and left, and undecided what to do, her first feeling was that she had been tracked there by the negroess, and a cry of fear arose to her lips, while she sprang backward to escape the dreaded hold.

But it was not Cassa. She saw a rough-looking man, with hat pulled down over his brow, till nothing was distinguishable but a pair of glittering eyes, and an indistinct outline of a bristling beard, countenance.

"What's the matter, sis? Did I skeer yer?"

"Yes," said Pearl, timidly. "Who are you? What made you catch hold of me in that way? I don't know you."

"Well, I tho't I mout do y' a favor, that's all," explained the man. "I see ye're a little lonesome-lookin' gal like, an' yer was peekin' round'er 's if ye'd lost yer-self."

"And so I have," interrupted Pearl.

"Have, eh? That 'ere's a pity."

"Don't you help me, sir?"

"Me?"

"Yes. I am a stranger here, and I do not know which way to turn. I want to go to a hotel—some good hotel."

"A hotel?"

"Yes. Won't you show me the way?"

"Will I? Why, bless yer heart! yes—I'll—if ye're not afeard of me."

"Afeard of you?" repeated Pearl.

"Why?"

"Cause I'm so dirty lookin'—"

"Oh, that don't make any difference. If you'll just show me, that's all I ask; and—"

"If you want money, I can pay you."

Unseen by Pearl, for his face was half averted, he rolled his tongue against one cheek, and eyed her steadfastly from under the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat.

"Why, bless yer heart, little 'un! I don't want none o' yer money. You cling to it. Now, if yer jest come along 'ith me, I'll take yer to a first-class hotel, in no time."

Pearl believed that the man spoke honestly, and she followed at his side, when he started off.

They had traversed a whole square in silence.

"Pearl," she answered.

"Pearl? Well, now, that 'ere is a purty name. Any other?"

"Pearl Roch— Never mind my other name." She hardly knew why it was she checked herself.

The man asked no more questions. Square after square was gone over, and still no sign of stopping. Her conductor strode silently on.

She was very, very tired; and at last she said:

"I guess we must be pretty near there. I hope so."

"Yes—be there purty soon, now," returned the man.

But it struck her that the locality in which they were was as evil looking as the one to which Cassa had taken her—no sign of the promised hotel, and, instead, again the occasional dram-shop, with dimly-lighted windows and sounds of coarse revelry within.

Having experienced this kind of thing so recently, and still in a natural fear for her

safety, her suspicions were not long in being aroused.

Had she but known that she was on the notorious Douglass street, with its pits of vice, its brothels, gaming-hells, and all that accumulates in filth and wickedness where the lost beings and outlawed offal of a community seek refuge in airs of shame!

Poor, misled child! had she but dreamed of the loathsome section to which this man had brought her, and realized what imminent danger there was for her in its accursed surroundings, her heart would have sunk in sheer fright.

"There's no hotel here!" she exclaimed, halting abruptly.

"Yes ther is. Come on," said the man. They were beneath a flickering lamp-light, and, for a second, she caught sight of a pair of burning eyes staring down at her, and read in her conductor's face a something that told her she had been deceived.

Alas for her! this warning came too late.

Without another thought than to escape, she turned to fly.

"No yer don't, purty one!" snarled the rough voice, and her arm was caught in a grip of iron.

Ere she could vent the loud shriek for help that was upon her lips, his large, coarse hand spread across her mouth; and lifting the struggling form in his arms, he bore her away, chuckling lowly as he went.

Into one of the grim-fronted dens that are common in the locality we have named he carried his captive—entering at a back door, which he reached after passing through a black, slushy-bottomed alley.

When he closed the door, he glanced around the room.

There were three children, each about Pearl's own age, lying upon the floor—one of them a girl. They appeared half-starved, were miserably clothed, and as they looked up at the man who had so unceremoniously entered, their emaciated faces were woeful to gaze on.

And the man himself—now that we can view him by the uncertain glimmer of a spluttering tallow candle: a ragged, devil-fetted human, with bloated countenance, tobacco-stained lips, and eyes of villainous glare; in all, a perfect Satan, when contrasted with the angelic girl who, now unconscious, lay limp in his arms.

There was an old woman seated by a smoky stove, trying to warm her shriveled hands over the smoldering fire.

"Ho!" she squeaked, "what's that you 've got there, Rover, eh?"

"A gal. Get some water, Mam, she's fainted."

The three children gazed sorrowfully on Pearl, and exchanged glances among themselves, as the young girl began to return to consciousness under the effect of the cool water, with which the woman lavied her forehead.

"Eh, Rover? Where did you get this prize?"

"Bless 'er innocence! she took me fer jest the kindest man in the world. I was showin' 'er the way to a hotel, when she suddenly spicioned me, an' started to run. So, I jest grabbed hold on 'er—an' here she is."

"Isn't she pretty, though! She'll make a good thief—ha! ha! ha! nobody would suspect her, if she stole any thing! Good! Good!"

"Yes, she'll make a good 'un."

"A prize! A prize!" croaked the old she-wolf, while her eyes glistened like daggers, as they fixed on the beautiful face of their captive.

Pearl's eyelids slowly opened, and she gazed bewilderedly about her.

"Don't you make no noise now!" hissed the ruffian, "or I'll wring yer neck!"

"Yes, we'll wring yer neck for you!" echoed the female, in her cracked, harsh voice.

The young girl's heart was almost standing still.

"What are you going to do with me?" she faltered, rising to a sitting posture on the creaky settee where they had placed her.

"How do yer like the hotel?" mocked Rover.

"You have deceived me! You have brought me here for no good—I know you have!"

"That 'ere depends."

"Oh! let me go—let me go, please!" cried Pearl, making a movement to rise, as she pleaded.

But he forced her back to the settee, while the hag screamed:

"Rover! let her go! Hear! How's that, Rover?—hear!" As she laughed, she displayed her toothless gums; and she rubbed her skinny hands together till every knuckle cracked.

Pearl was acutely terrified. She saw that the beings before her were hardly human; she comprehended that they meant her no good; and she, a frail, helpless girl, could not battle long against them in case they attempted to do her an injury. This latter thought made her shudder, for she could not foresee what terrible fate was in store for her.

"So, yer want to know what's a-goin' to be done to yer, eh? Well, ther ain't nothin' a-goin' to be done, providin' yer behave yerself."

"But I never harmed you, I am sure!" wailed Pearl. "Oh! please let me go."

"Hesh up ther racket!" growled the villain. "Nobody's goin' to hurt yer. As to lettin' yer go: yes, we'll let yer go when yer're ready to swear."

"Swear? Swear what?" exclaimed the trembling girl, gazing from one to the other.

The man and woman exchanged glances; then they looked toward the three half-starved children who cowered away in a far corner; then they fastened their devilish eyes on Pearl.

"See here, now," said the man, leveling a fore-finger at her, "ye're a girl at I believes he got some learnin'. Yer can see 't once what we mean, when we say 't yer must come to be one o' us."

"One of you? I don't understand—indeed I don't! What do you mean?"

"Don't yer want yer liberty?"

"It is well," said Charlotte Lacy. "Tonight we will arrange the details."

And then she turned round to Everard, who had understood not a word so far of the rapid French, and had stood, wondering while the colloquy was going on.

"Come, Mr. Barbour," she said, as composedly as if in her own parlor in Philadelphia. "Let us enter the house and partake of our good Madame Montour's hospitality. She has treated you somewhat roughly, perhaps, but she is a good soul at bottom, this Madame Montour, and you will look different when we have made a Seneca of you. Come, Black Eagle, your wish is granted, and now you must be friends with the young white chief. I say it."

Black Eagle bowed with the courtesy always exhibited to these two ladies, and answered, in tolerable English:

"Black Eagle is glad to see de little chief. He brave little chief, and fight well. Shake hands, brudder."

Everard took the hand of the tall chief, and could not help whispering to Miss Lacy, as they walked toward the house:

"A noble chief, Miss Lacy."

"He is," she answered. "He and Brant are exceptions to the general run of Indians, like our fierce Montour here."

They were several paces in advance, and Everard asked, cautiously:

"Why do you call her Montour? and what in Heaven's name is the secret of your power here, Miss Lacy?"

Charlotte smiled proudly.

"In this valley," she said, "and in many another place, I represent an organization which sways chiefs and queens; ay, woman as I am, there is a realm that my brain alone controls, for my king's service; and your Congress shall yet own that it is a realm of power. Ask no more questions, Everard Barbour, but thank Heaven that you found me here to save your life. I call the woman chief Madame Montour, because it is her name, outside of the tribes. How like you her home in the Glen?"

"It is most lovely," said Everard, looking round the rocky amphitheater with admiration. "I have never seen a more beautiful spot." Does it extend much further?

"Fully a mile. You shall see it all tomorrow with me," she answered, with a charming smile. "It will look none the less beautiful, will it?"

"Nay, but the pleasure will be so much the greater," he answered. And then they entered the house, which they found full of handsome Indian girls, who came forward to wait on their queen and her guests, with alacrity.

Queen Esther now, still more to Everard's astonishment, developed a new character. She became a hospitable hostess, conversing fluently in French and English, and displaying a softness and grace of manner that rivaled Miss Lacy herself. Nothing perhaps was stranger about this remarkable woman than her adaptability. She had been in Philadelphia some years before, with the other chiefs of the Six Nations, and had been remarked on for her exquisite softness of manner, that told of the breeding of high society. Catherine Montour had not forgotten the palace in the wig-wam.

Her house, though handsome, was rather destitute of furniture, the floors being bare, and the skins of animals forming almost the only seats, except in Queen Esther's own apartments; but the food brought in by the servants was abundant and delicate, and Everard retired to rest that night feeling that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, for he was treated as a friend by all the Indians around.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOUBLE-DEATH'S DISCOVERY.

At the same time that Everard Barbour was enjoying the reaction from hostility to hospitality in the glen of Sheshequin, Marian Neilson, depressed in spirits and almost broken-hearted, thinking her lover dead, was slowly journeying toward Albany, under the escort of a small party of military, up the line of the old Albany Post Road. The necessities of the times had caused her to be delayed for some days on the road, and it was only the paternal kindness of Washington himself that enabled her to be travelling now. She had been brought to his headquarters, at that time near Morristown, New Jersey, and the kind heart of the Commander-in-chief had been touched by her distresses, while the ladies of Morristown had hastened to supply her necessities with every generosity. Availing himself of the opportunity of a party going toward Albany with funds to pay the troops stationed there, the General had offered to send poor Marian home under their escort as far as they went; and, at his own earnest desire, Double-Death had been detailed to act as scout for the party, with permission to see Marian to her own home, after which he was to return, having six weeks further granted him to report in.

Tim effected his purpose in safety, without any extraordinary adventure, and in about three weeks from the time of leaving Morristown, Marian was home again, clasped in her mother's arms. Many and sad were the grievings then, over the terrible tidings she had to impart, of so many relatives and friends massacred at Wyoming; and heavy was the anxiety of all as to the fate, probable and shocking, of the captive lover.

Tim Murphy found it difficult to tear himself away from the sorrowing family; and when he at last turned his horse's head toward the south, it was with a formed resolution, which had been floating in his mind for some time, to seek for Everard, and ascertain his fate at all hazards. The scout was just the man to do this. Quick, ready and adaptable, a perfect Indian linguist, he had made up his mind to penetrate the Genesee valley, and find Everard, dead or alive, before he returned.

Double-Death was well mounted and armed. He rode the magnificent charger that had come into Everard's possession so mysteriously in Philadelphia, and carried a pair of double-barreled pistols, besides his own famous rifle. In those days, long before revolvers were thought of, such an equipment rendered its wearer sufficiently formidable to cope with several men, if he was a good shot and cool and bold as Tim Murphy.

Tim turned his horse away from the Neilson's house, and took the road leading south to Albany, till he was out of sight. He did not propose to reveal his plan to any one. As soon as the woods hid him from sight he left the road, and took up his journey by bridle-paths that led due west, toward the Mohawk river. The country here was wild and uncultivated for many miles, and the

way led into the heart of what had been, not long before, the Indian territory. Johnstown, the next village, was the ancient residence of Sir William Johnson, the British Indian agent, who had lived there in baronial splendor for many years; and his son, Sir John Johnson, an inveterate Tory, was supposed to be hovering about there, even now. The only American settlements, feeble and scattered as those were, indeed, were Fort Plain and Cherry Valley.

But Tim Murphy was not the man to be daunted by any country, however full of danger. The scout rode steadily on, the rest of the day, at a rapid pace, wherever the path was open, and toward evening had emerged from the underwood that told of the neighboring settlements, and entered the primeval forest, where the trees stood in rows of columns for miles, and the way between them was all open. He had left Johnson Hall to his rear, and made his evening camp by the borders of the Mohawk river.

Tim had taken the precaution, before starting, of putting a sack of grain on his horse's back, besides his own provisions, and he found the benefit of his foresight now. He did not dare to make a fire, for certain signs he had seen, convinced him that Indian war-parties were around. He unsaddled his horse, and fed the animal plentifully, and then started on foot for a tour of observation, to find if there were any near, whose vicinity might be dangerous. As the sun went down, and the forest became dark, the chorus of frogs and katydids around assured him that all was right for the present, and after a brief tour he returned, and ate his supper in peace. A second time did the wary scout set forth on his reconnoitering trip before he thought of sleep, though he had ridden sixty miles that day; and this time he was rewarded for his vigilance. As he ascended a little rise of ground covered with trees, he caught sight, a long way off, of a bright light among the tree-trunks, which he knew at once to be a camp-fire.

"Now, who the devils that?" soliloquized Mr. Murphy, reflectively. "Injuns, by the piper that played before Moses! No white men would be campin' out here, ay, they wasn't born fools. Timothy, me boy, let's go on a little voyage of discovery towards them gentlemens. I know ye're tired, Mr. Murphy, but ay ye was to wake up to-morrow mornin' widout a scalp, may be ye'd never be tired again, and ye'd never see Mr. Everard. So, Tim, ye blackgaird, git up and travel."

As he spoke, he was cautiously descending the hill toward the distant fire, his rifle ready for immediate use, stepping cautiously. It was a time of year peculiarly favorable for a silent advance, for the last year's leaves were fully rotted away, and the moss was smooth and soft under foot. Tim advanced in true borderer style, his keen black eyes roving here and there, speltering himself behind every tree as he went, and carefully scanning the ground ahead of him, ere venturing to cross it. In this way it took him near an hour before he came anywhere near the fire, and could distinguish the figures around it. When he did, he halted behind a tree, and took a long and careful observation, before going any nearer.

There were several dark figures passing and repassing before a large camp-fire, and what surprised the scout was, that they were not Indians, but whites, from their dress. Tim Murphy now went down on hands and knees, and crawled slowly nearer to the fire, with the patience and caution of an Indian hunter, resolved to find out for himself the mystery of the fire. If white men were there, they were probably Tories, for Americans would be in their homes. As Tim came nearer, he perceived that the men were ordinary civilian dress, and that the appearance of servants. Near the fire, also, was a female figure, with the white cap and apron of a French waiting-maid. Tim rubbed his eyes at first, thinking he must be dreaming, but the fact was too visible to be gainsayed. There was a regular smart French maid sitting by a camp-fire in the wild woods, tending a small coffee-pot. Tim pursued his researches till closer, greatly interested, till he was near enough to hear conversation. Then it was that, casting his eyes forward through the woods, beyond the fire, another object met his view, that caused him more astonishment than ever. It was nothing else than a large old-fashioned traveling carriage, drawn up in the shade of the woods, with several horses feeding near it. "An old woman travelin' for her health, bedad!" muttered the scout to himself. "And I've tak all this trouble, thinkin' they was Injuns. By the howly pokers, she must be a quare creature, whoever travels out here in this fashion! Mr. Murphy, there's some thing devilish quare about this. We'll go a little nearer."

And Double-Death looked sharply round him, and then crawled over, snake-fashion, to the bole of an immense tree, with roots standing up out of the ground so as to make an excellent cover. The tree itself was not more than sixty feet from the fire, and Tim saw that it was as near as he dared go. He could catch the sound of voices, and a considerable chatter, but too, from the servants passing and repassing, but he could not understand much of it, as the language was a barbarous Canadian French. Tim could make out a few words here and there, but no sense.

They appeared to be busy preparing supper for some one in the carriage, for a camp-table was spread out beyond the fire, and dishes were being set out. Presently Tim heard a female voice from the carriage itself, crying: "Francoise! Francoise! N'es tu pas prête encore?"

The French maid jumped up with a quick:

"Oui, Madame la comtesse. Oui, toute de suite. On a servi."

Tim, though he did not understand, was yet struck with the difference of accent and purity of speech of the two females, from the rough habitants around them.

"Bedad, thim's French ladies," he said to himself, and watched anxiously to see what followed.

The smart French maid hurried to the carriage now, and assisted therefrom an elderly lady, whose face Tim could not plainly see, till she was seated at the table. Then the borderer had a full opportunity of inspecting face and figure, and the result increased his astonishment.

He beheld a distinguished and aristocratic-looking old lady, with a dark aquiline face, and keen black eyes, her white hair

* "Fanny! Fanny! Are you not ready yet?" Yes, madame the countess, yes, in a minute. Supper's ready."

built up in a tower, in the Pompadour style then prevalent, and surrounded by a black satin hood. The old lady was very richly dressed, jewels glittering on neck and hands, while the buckles of her high-heeled shoes were set with diamonds. Something in her face seemed to be familiar to Tim, but he could not recall it clearly, and he watched the old lady with more than ordinary interest as she proceeded to sup, in a style of elegance and luxury such as Tim had never witnessed in the wilderness.

It was very tantalizing to Double-Death to be so near, to hear every thing and not understand a word of the conversation, for the servants were all still now, and nothing was audible but the clear precise accents of the old lady as she spoke to Francoise, and the latter as she replied to her mistress.

Tim was beginning to think of returning to his horse, and letting the queer party go, when he heard the rapid foot of a man coming into camp on the other side, at the peculiar lope of an Indian, and in a moment more a tall, magnificently framed warrior, in the full regalia of an Indian chief, strode rapidly into the little camp, and grounded the butt of his long rifle in front of the table. His back was turned to Tim as he stood there, but the latter recognized his equipments at once, as belonging to the Senecas.

The old countess looked up, and without any apparent surprise, observed, quietly:

"*C'est bien ton nom, ainsi? Quel est ce qu'il y a de nouveau, ce soir?*"

The chief replied in broken French, which Murphy did not understand, and seemed to be giving an account of where he had been and what he had seen. Toward the end he glided into the Seneca language, as if the difficulty of a foreign tongue had become too irksome; and then Tim heard something that made him start and look round apprehensively.

"We found the track of a horse," the chief was saying, "and I followed it to the river, where we found the beast tied to a tree, with no master. My warriors are on the master's trail now, but the night is so dark that they may not find him before morning. Otherwise the country is still, and there is no danger."

"The eyes of my brother are clear, and he is a great warrior," replied the lady in the same tongue, which she seemed to speak like a native. "It is some scout or hunter perhaps, and if we catch him, you know what to do."

"I know," said the Indian, proudly. "Keep his tongue still. When the way is dark, and the tongue must be forked, the tomahawk settles the spy and the babbler. It is well. Let the queen sleep in peace. Her sons are around her camp to keep off the spy."

He turned away and left the camp, in the direction in which he had come. As for Tim, he had heard enough to realize that his horse was captured, and men on his own trail. As the Indian chief stood with his back to him, the borderer had more than once covered him with his rifle, almost resolved to shoot him, and escape in the confusion. And yet something restrained Tim's hand, what he could not have told you, which was but the instinctive reluctance to commit a cold-blooded murder. Although he had not seen the face of the Indian, yet there had been something so noble and stately in his appearance, that Tim had involuntarily conceived quite an admiration for him. At the same time he realized that he had no time to lose in getting away from the dangerous vicinity of the camp, the more so as enemies were doubtless concentrating upon him already, and the chief was in all probability even now making a circuit of the camp, out of the dangerous glare of the firelight.

As noiselessly as he had come, Tim slipped away from the tree, and crawled off in the direction of his advance, till he thought himself safe, when he rose and looked back. The camp was all still and the servants were gathered near the table, while he could distinguish the form of the old lady leaning on a crutch-handled stick and moving slowly toward the carriage, assisted by Francoise, the maid.

It was evident that he had not been observed, and the borderer struck off through the woods toward the river, flitting silently from tree to tree, and leaving his old track to the right. In this he was but following an old Indian trick, doubling on his own trail so as to see who was following it. He also put the light of the fire beyond any of his pursuers, so that if they came forward they might be revealed to him.

Pretty soon, as he stole from tree to tree, he realized the benefit of his caution, when he caught sight of a little group of figures on the very place where he had been about an hour before, evidently following his track. It showed to what perfection their woodcraft must have arrived, to be able to follow the trail of a mooseman under the faint moonlight that came through the trees from above.

Tim chuckled quietly to himself, and placed his thumb to his nose, as he looked at the shadowy figures of the distant trailers. He could count seven men altogether, and had it not been for his horse, the daring borderer would have attacked them then and there, with the surprise in his favor. But Tim was too anxious to recover his animal to face a shot. He knew that those in charge of the horse would be at once put on the alert by the noise, and probably carry him off, while Tim was just as determined to get his steed back.

"And ay there's no more than seven ay them," muttered Tim, "I'll go bail to bag the whole of them."

He crawled off between the trees, carefully keeping his body out of the speckled moonlight that lay on the greensward, and every now and then pausing to look back till the trailers were fairly between him and the fire. Then he rose to his feet and went swiftly off, fitting from tree to tree, till he reached the same trail once more, and stood in the footsteps of his pursuers, now broad and easily traced. He had determined to enter his own camp in that manner, as the Indians would be likely to guard all quarters better than that by which they expected their friends.

He stole rapidly along, till he began to recognize the swell of ground from which the trailers were fairly between him and the fire. Then he rose to his feet and went prudently, that it was not advisable to cross this swell. The necessity of caution had become imperative.

He crept around the base of the swell instead, glancing ahead and upward as he went, till he came close to the spot where he had left his horse.

There stood the animal, tied to a tree, as he had left him, with the saddle and trap-

* "That's you, my friend. What news to-night?"

pings lying by it exactly as he had left them, and not a trace of a human being near.

Tim Murphy put his finger on the side of his nose and muttered:

"Maybe ye think I'm a fule, Mr. Injun, and maybe ye'll find I ain't such a fule as I luk, bedad."

The astute scout was well aware that the seeming quietude of the scene was only a snare to draw him on, and that his approach to the horse would be a signal for a shot from the thicket. The question remained, how many Indians were on the watch for him, and whether he had been seen as yet. He was about sixty yards from the horse, and commenced a cautious circuit around the neighborhood, expecting every moment to see a dark form start from behind a tree, and the fight to begin. Tim was beginning to be puzzled, for the first time in his woodcraft, perhaps. Where the Indians were hidden was a mystery to him, until he happened to come once more to the foot of the little slope of ground, and look up against the sky line. The figures of four more Indians were to be seen in a group at the top, looking toward the distant fire.

In a moment Tim's resolution was taken. With a pistol in one hand and his rifle in the other, he crept cautiously up to the mound, to listen to what the savages were saying, for they appeared to be conversing. He succeeded, by great artifice, in getting within less than thirty feet unheeded, and then listened.

"The chief is gone long," said one. "He must be close on the heels of this hunter."

"We should have gone, too," said another. "The man will never be back for his horse. They will have his scalp before he gets here. Let us take the horse and go forward."

This was all Tim wanted. He had found out that they were the only ones he had to fear. Deliberately he rose to his feet, stepped boldly out and leveled his rifle. *Crack!* at that distance was sufficient, and two Indians dropped before a start was made by the other two. Then they both rushed forward in the direction of the flash, and were met by the cool and indomitable borderer, muzzle to muzzle. Before either could strike with their tomahawks, *crack!* went the pistol right and left, and again Double-Death was triumphant by the power of coolness and luck. All four of the Indians were dead or dying. The victor despoiled them of their scalps and ammunition, and then rode away unharmed, leaving the trailers to gnash their teeth at being so outwitted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

FARMER NEILSON was sitting at the door of his house, proudly contemplating the remains of the broodstocks to the right, and the black-house, which was dignified by the name of "Port Neilson," and the worthy farmer was expatiating to his wife and daughter as follows:

"I tell ye, Hannah Jane, 'tain't no use a-talkin'; these here fields are going to be very famous some of these days. Things ain't as they used to be, wife, and when this here war's over, and you and I are in our graves, and Marian's an old grandma, with a hull bushel o' children around the door, then they'll be a-comin' to this 'ere place from all parts of the year, and want to see old John Neilson's house, where the battle was fought that sot Ameriky free."

"How you do go on, John!" said Mrs. Neilson, in a low voice. "Don't you know that Marian can't bear to hear of the battle now, that puts her in mind of poor Everard. You should be careful, John."

John Neilson was repentant at once, when he saw Marian turn away and enter the cottage, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He blundered out:

"Say, old woman, I didn't mean to do that. I'll go and tell her I didn't."

"Leave her alone, John," said the wife, sharply. "She wants to be left alone these days, that's all."

Mrs. Neilson came of a station somewhat superior to her husband, and made him feel the weight of her character in their married life, so that honest John was forced to be silent and submit.

Presently, as he sat in the sun, meditatively puffing his old Powhatan pipe, the rumble of wheels was heard on the road from Quaker Springs. The sound was one but rarely heard in those days, when the country was so unsettled.

"Who in thunder kin that be?" exclaimed honest John, as a large, heavy coach, the body painted yellow, with a black hood, hove in sight. The vehicle was drawn by four horses, and was accompanied by two men on horseback, in immense boots, and hats to match, with blue livery coats turned up with red. Such an equipage had not been seen around Ben's Hicbie for many a long year, not since the prime days of Sir William Johnson, though his pattern was still common enough in Quebec.

John Neilson and his wife both watched this vehicle approach them with great surprise, fully expecting it, however, to go on to Albany. Instead of this, it halted at their own gate, and the face of an old lady appeared at the window, a dignified, aristocratic face, with white hair rolled back from a high, narrow forehead.

"Will you please tell me," said the old lady, in a soft, melodious tone of voice, with an exceedingly winning smile, "if Monsieur Jean Neilson live anywhere about here?"

John Neilson started forward in a moment.

"That's me, marm. What kin I do for you, marm?"

"Very much, monsieur," said the old lady, smiling sweetly. "I'm told by my dear friend, the Marquis de la Fayette, that you are de person of all others to make inquiry for de bataille dat take place 'ere last year. I am la Comtesse de Montouraine, monsieur, and I shall be very grateful for your help, ven I write de account of my travels on return to France."

Honest John Neilson turned triumphantly to his wife, saying:

"Hannah Jane, what did I tell yer? Didn't I say as the folks would be comin' to John Neilson to hear about the battle? Old woman, go into the house. What do you know about war?"

Then he turned round to the countess, full of smiles, not that John adored rank—Americans are never supposed to do that—but it's not every day a real live countess comes to a farmer's door to ask a favor, and a favor that made John feel six inches taller in the granting of it.

"I'm the man that kin tell yer all about it, marm," he said, proudly. "General Poor had his quarters in my kitchen, and I kin

show ye Gates and Burgoyne's place, not an hour's walk from here, marm. But ye'll need daylight to see it in, marm. We hain't got much to offer in our little place, marm, but, sich as it is, if yer ladyship will be pleased to walk in, I guess we kin put ye up for the night, and make ye comfortable, and show ye over the field in the morning."

"I thank you," said the old countess, smiling again. "I will not trouble you much, monsieur, for I have slept in my carriage since ye be traveling; but, if you will permit me to partake of your supper with your familie, I shall consider it a great favor."

"Sartinly, marm, sartinly," said John, heartily. "Walk right in, marm, and make yourself to hum. Here, Marian, child, come and help the lady."

As he spoke, Marian, somewhat curious, no doubt, came shyly out of the house, to help the grand stranger from her carriage. The old lady descended slowly, resting her hands, very small and beautiful still, on the gold crutch head of an ebony cane. The fingers were all covered with jewels, and, as she leaned on Marian to enter the house, she bore the appearance of a frail, delicate old lady of the proud noblesse of France, aristocratic to her finger-tips.

Marian was so shy and embarrassed at the presence of this imposing lady, that she hardly dared to look at her face for some time, and then she was called away by father and mother to attend to preparing supper, and that no light meal, but one for about a dozen persons. For it turned out that the countess had, besides herself and the two outriders, two more postillions, two footmen, and a smart French maid, Francoise by name, who insisted on helping "Mademoiselle Marian" with her preparations, and jabbering broken English to her, in praise of "dat dear comtesse, dat sweet comtesse," all the while.

Whenever Marian came near the countess, she latter professed to be enraptured with her, and confused her dreadfully with profuse compliments, all of which kept Marian too busy to examine the countess critically till after darkness had set in, and candles were lit. It was not till the dishes were washed and put away, and a hush had come on the little household, that the girl took an opportunity for a good, long look at their new friend. Something in the face seemed familiar to her, and yet she could not tell what it was. Before she could settle it in her own mind, the sharp black eyes of the old lady flashed a merry, wicked glance at her.

"Ah, my little cat!" said the countess, smiling; "so you would look at the old lady for a while, to see if you like her? Well, my child, they used to tell me I was pretty once, and I believed it, but no one calls me a pretty old lady any more now. Dat is all gone, just like your bloom will fade some day, child, and you will be old and wrinkled like me. Monsieur Neilson, indeed, you have von very pretty little daughter dere—charmant, monsieur, charmant!"

"Marian is well enough, madam," said the mother, stiffly, "but she is not used to being flattered so much."

"Ah, ciel!" cried the French lady. "Is it possible? Why, madame, at her age I was called an angel fifty times a day by fifty different cavaliers, and I told them I believed them all. You must positively let me have that little Marian in the carriage with me to-morrow, when we drive over to the field of battle, Monsieur Neilson. Indeed, I am in love wid her."

"Sartinly, marm," said honest John, who was in high feather that night; and so it was arranged that the next morning Marian should go in the carriage with the countess, while her father rode alongside to explain the objects of interest.

And, that settled, they went to bed, and Marian's last thought being:

"Where have I seen the countess before?"

And she could not answer her own question.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 127.)

Beat Time's Notes.

THEY say that out in the rural districts a man has to fan gnats now until he gets tired to be a regular fanatic.

I ABOINATE a slanderer like my wife abominates last month's fashions.

SUE was tired of life—wrote her husband a farewell letter, and tried to start the kitchen fire with coal oil: her name used to be Smith.

If you wish to correspond with your deceased grandmother, send your letter through the dead-letter office.

The noblest deeds are those which conserve property to you.

SOME people talk all the time—an empty box is always open.

It seems to me that the crow is a very cautious bird.

THE man who followed his inclination went back on his dignity.

If modesty was a sin, we would have to travel pretty far to find a sinner.

THE man who broke his word had it mended by a skillful spoke-mender.

If new consciences were for sale to-day at noon all over the world, there would be no dinners eaten.

A WISE son maketh a glad father—foolish very often.

WHAT is it which the less a man owns the more he has? Poverty. Right; sit down and eat your apple.

SOME lawyers' fee bills are not very fee-ble.

A MAN given to sin is liable to be reduced to a cin-der.

WORK is a most miserable little fourteen-letter horse power word of only four letters.

WHEN I asked my milkman this morning why it was he had so much water in his milk, he said he thought the cans hadn't been wiped very dry after they had been washed; told him I'd like to have what they call a little more milk in the water, if it did spoil the water.

WHAT MR. BROWN THINKS AND WHAT HIS NEIGHBORS THINK.

BY JOE FOT, JR.

How blest am I! My neighbors think
There's none like Mr. Brown.
(I've heard his neighbors say he is
The meanest man in town.)
They look upon my honesty
As something "most unusual."
(Quite so, they say they cannot swear
That Mr. Brown won't steal.)
To do their best to honor me—
I'm sure that each one tries.
(They say if he had his debts
Brimstone would take a rise.)
That I'm a true man of my word
They long have understood.
(They say the same themselves, but add
His word is never good.)
They know me made of metal true
Whose like was ne'er before.
(Myself have heard them intimate
He is a splendid over.)
They know I live without a care,
Light-hearted is my laughter.
(They say he's having more fun now
Than he will have hereafter.)
They envy me my lordly ease
And rest from worldly strife.
(They say he is the laziest man
That draws the breath of life.)
And if from here I should depart
Their sorrows who could measure
(I've heard them sigh in such a case
They'd mourn his loss with pleasure.)

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

II.—Trapping on Wind River. Trapping Beaver.
"Signs." Food and Habits of the Beaver. Beaver
Dams. Society among the Beavers. Super-
stitions of the Trappers. The Labor of Trap-
ping. Tricks of the Beaver. Dress of the
Trapper. A Strange Visitor. His Story.

The winter succeeding my escape from the Sioux, I was engaged in trapping upon the upper waters of the Wind river. Aside from the usual routine of setting traps, stretching furs, and hunting, there was nothing to relieve the monotony of life; and it was not surprising that my thoughts should often wander away to the little squaw I had left among the Teton Sioux. I must confess they were often thoughts of regret, and I was frequently tempted to return to the tribe.

For the information of those who desire to know, and especially for the benefit of the young enthusiast, who has read so many novels of hunter and trapper life that he is fully resolved to be a trapper himself, I will describe about what he will have to encounter, and some of the labor he must perform. Trapping in a down-east drawing-room, and trapping in the Mountains of the West are altogether different sports.

In trapping beaver, the first thing is to look for "signs." Now this word *signs* conveys but a vague idea of its all-important meaning, for it is by signs that the whole life of the hunter and trapper is governed. He has his "sign" of Indians, of deer, or bear, and of every living thing he expects to meet, and it is only by a strict examination of these signs that he is enabled to make his way through an Indian country—on the war-path, or in pursuit of almost any kind of game. The first lesson of the young trapper, therefore, must be to learn what signs are, that he may be enabled to find the haunts of any particular game. It rarely happens that the beaver can be seen, either on the river banks, or in the water; for nature has given him no powerful weapons with which to defend himself when surprised and attacked, but what is better, she has endowed him with the most sensitive eyesight and hearing, which enables the beaver to detect the approach of danger in time to escape.

The marks, or more properly, the "signs" which he leaves behind are, for a time at least, ineffaceable. These are only to be detected and used for his own purposes by the superior skill of the trapper. The unacquainted industry of gnawing down trees, and cutting twigs, peeling off the tender bark of the willow bushes, digging away banks, and carrying on their shovel-shaped tails the dirt, together with the innumerable footprints and sometimes dams, are some of the items which fill up the trapper's catalogue of "signs."

These signs may not always be found together, but instead, they may each exist separately, and thus inform the hunter that game is close at hand. The little twig as it floated down the stream with the bark half gnawed off, would go unheeded by the casual observer, but to the trapper it is a prize to be obtained; for, by its freshness it indicates to his mind how near he is to the chance of adding another pound of valuable fur to his stock on hand. To the trapper this simple event, or something similar, as for instance a fresh footprint, with its well defined claw-marks, molded in the damp mud or sand, is of more importance than the ingenious workmanship exhibited in the construction of a dam; for the dam may be an old one, and perhaps deserted, while the gnawed twig would be of such a recent occurrence that he could not be deceived.

It is a popular idea that beavers build their dams for the purpose of making a swimming pond in the vicinity of their residence; which is not true, for in every stream which he inhabits, if this was his sole object, he could select many natural places where the water is broad and deep, and without a ripple. The object of the animal is to provide against the pinching winds of hunger during the long winter, when every thing green has lost its sap and nutrition, and is as a body, without food and animation.

He therefore selects a place favorable for obtaining food, and also where his labors will be assisted by natural formations or accidents in the river's course and construction. Having selected the right place to build, he sets to work with his fellows and falls large trees. In this he again shows his wonderful instinct, for while one party are cutting with their sharp teeth the hard wood of one side of the tree, another division are just as actively employed on the other side, never forgetting to make, like a good wood-chopper, the lowest incision on the side the tree is to fall, which to suit their purpose is always directly into and across the stream.

When a tree is thus fallen, it is attacked in its branches, which are so turned and woven together in the outline of the dam, as to catch in their meshes any floating material, or receive the tail loads of soil and rubbish which they carry to it.

Another and another tree is then systematically fallen and arranged as was the

first, until the work is finished as completely as if it had been planned and executed by a reasoning mind. The finishing stroke is the transporting of the mud and laying it, and in this labor they show themselves to be excellent masons. They now act in concert, like so many "Heathen Chinee" on a railroad grade. A large gang marches in a line to the bank, where they load each other's tails, and swim with their cargoes elevated above the water. When they arrive at an unfinished place in the dam, they dump the mud and mold it in its place.

Their houses they have previously built in the river banks. They consist of holes which lead into large and airy subterranean rooms, and which are above the water-mark. In these houses they sleep and live in pairs; and if all accounts are true, they imitate human beings in managing their households and in keeping house. The main object they have in staying the current of the stream is to afford a deep place where, having fallen numbers of trees, the deep water will preserve tender and fresh the limbs and shrubs on which to subsist during the present time, and also the time to come. It is well known that fresh bunches of trees and young willows, when placed in water, will keep up partial life for a long time. On this principle the beaver acts in submerging his food deep in the water where it will retain its verdure, and where the freezing process that is going on at the surface of the river will not hinder his efforts in getting at his store of provisions during the winter season. The beaver even goes so far, as to bundle up small branches of trees and willows, which he stows away in the muddy bottom of the river.

I have met with old trappers who insist that there are grades of society among beavers the same as among men; and they will have it that the beavers have their "head chiefs," and that often individual beavers roll in wealth, and that they have slaves who stand ready to do their master's bidding at a moment's warning; for instance, to bring them a bundle of green twigs on which to feast. According to their imaginative stories, the life of a beaver can not be rivaled in happiness; and if we could put full faith in their descrip-



tions of the pastimes of the animal, his palaces and luxuries, we could only compare a beaver to a citizen of Venice in its most palmy days—the difference between the two being that the former enjoys himself more in the water than the latter did on his favorite gondola.

The beaver, when captured young, can be sufficiently domesticated to make him a pet; but their unattractive form is any thing but an ornament to the house. With young children they are very friendly, though their disposition is amiable to any one. They are very neat in their persons, and when moved from their comrades and domesticated with human beings, nothing do they so much like as being allowed the daily privilege of taking a clean bath. When thus engaged they are a curiosity to look at, as they are very agile and particular in removing every particle of dirt.

The signs having been discovered, the trapper next selects a suitable location for a camp, which he soon occupies. The trap used is very much like the same instrument used in different parts of the United States for catching foxes, wolves, etc., excepting that it is smaller and made with more skill. Old trappers are very superstitious in regard to the makers of their traps, and entertain the idea that much of their good and bad fortune depends on the tools they work with; hence they always have their favorite makers, and will pay more for their traps than for those of any other maker.

The setting of the trap requires experience and experience, or else it avails nothing; for the game to be caught is, as the reader can readily conceive, very wary, and his suspicions of there being any thing wrong near at hand must be allayed by concealing the instrument from view as much as possible; yet it must not be far from the surface of the water; and then again it must be firmly fixed in its position by being made fast to something that the beaver can not drag off.

The trapper while thus engaged is in the water. About his waist there is a strap to which is attached a pouch, in which is carried the bait; every thing being arranged, the trap is set and the bait applied, when the trapper notes the place where he has been at work so as to recognize it again, and then takes his departure to return early the following morning. The beaver, during this interim, is attracted by the peculiar scent of the bait, and as a reward for his curiosity, he generally is caught by one of his paws, and thus falls a prey to the hunter's pleasure. The bait most used among trappers is of a peculiar kind (*Amelium patris testiculum*). The traps, when visited, are relieved of the contents and set again. The game is put out of its misery and carried to camp, where it is skinned, and where all the pelts recently taken are

stretched out, dried, cured and packed in small bales, whenever a sufficient quantity is obtained so to do with it.

The flavor of the meat of the beaver is not very palatable, and trappers seldom use it; never when they can get any thing better. But they are very partial to beaver-tails, which, when properly cooked, are a great delicacy. The business of trapping for beaver is no child's play. A person unaccustomed to it would probably look upon it as no very difficult task. A single trial is usually sufficient to satisfy the uninitiated on this point; for the beaver, above all other wild animals of America, is endowed with an extraordinary amount of instinct, as his habits and work will sufficiently attest.

It is a singular fact that, frequently, old beavers will be discovered springing the traps, by the aid of a stick. If discovered at his work, he seems to enjoy hugely the vexation of the trappers, which they sometimes exhibit. An old trapper, however, feels so much pride in the matter that he will cover up his vexation under assumed politeness, as if the beaver could understand and appreciate his language.

There are bands of Indians living in the North-west who really believe that the beaver has as much intelligence as an Indian; claiming that all the difference between a beaver and an Indian is, that the Indian has been endowed by the Great Spirit with power and capabilities to catch the beaver. Some of the stories which old mountaineers occasionally inflict upon an inquisitive traveler are somewhat startling; nevertheless, what the beaver really performs is truly astonishing, and the facts are very often stranger than fiction.

The trapper, when in full dress for an expedition, and especially after having been on one with his concomitant hair-breadth escapes, Indian and bear-fights, makes, to all appearances, a sorrowful figure. His extra wardrobe is meager in the extreme, yet it answers all his purposes, and he would be found to consist usually of two pairs of moccasins, one of buck-skin pants, two woolen shirts (often made from an old blanket), a loose, fringed buck-skin coat,

himself, and thinking that, perhaps, there might be a sore spot in his heart, as well as in my own, I refrained from asking any questions.

I proposed that we go to sleep, and to this he assented, first asking, "Am I welcome?" I assured him he was, and we lay down. For a long time I was kept awake, thinking on the singularity of the occurrence, and wondering whether this waif of humanity was being waffed; yet, more than all, wondering who this man could be who seemed my exact counterpart. While these thoughts were passing through my mind he threw off his blanket, and, sitting up, he looked at me for a moment, and seeing that I was awake, he asked: "Are you a Freemason?" I told him I was, and, without another word, he laid down and went to sleep.

In the morning I replenished the fire, and soon had a liberal supply of antelope steak on the coals, and waking him, invited him to eat. He remained with me about two months, and accompanied me in the spring (1869) to Fort Aspenhut, on the Sweetwater. He is now in Colorado, doing a thriving business. The story of his life was a common, though sad one; the old story of a man's love and a woman's inconstancy.

A year before he had been a resident of a small hamlet in Oswego county, N. Y., a happy husband and father. He was an artist by profession, but, from some misfortune or mismanagement, he had never prospered. He needed money; he was tempted, and he fell. The worst feature of the affair was that the temptation was offered by his most intimate friend, and that friend a brother mason! I pitied, but could not blame him. When, under the pressure of some sudden or seductive temptation, a man—a strong man, perhaps—goes down, the air is full of reproaches and marvels at his weakness or wickedness. Every one is sure he could have withstood the temptation, and talks volubly of what he should do in such and such cases, were he in such and such a place. Doubtless he is honest in his belief, for very few know themselves thoroughly. God pity them if they fall; their fellows will not.

All the bitterness of struggle, all the pas-



sionate depths of anguish and travail of spirit, and alas! all the fierce after-sting of remorse and regret, are quite lost sight of in the sweeping denunciations of those who have never been tempted. Shall we stand aside, rejoicing in our own strength and purity and inflexible virtue, thanking God that we are not as other men are; or, is there a more tender and Christly way for dealing with the erring?

This insane hunter, who first visited me among the bleak Black Hills, was one of the very few persons capable of compressing the happiness or misery of a lifetime into a few moments; and from what I have since learned of him, he was one who would suffer every thing rather than betray the trust reposed in him. So he gave up the wife and children he loved so well; gave up all the friends of his youth, and the love of a host of relatives, and resolved to seek a new home and new fortune in the Far West.

Those who should have been true deserters when the hour of trial came, and even the wife procured a divorce, and has probably found another mate ere this. His name was Skinner. Perhaps some of his acquaintances may read this chapter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

What a Stamp Bought.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"FINE place, a very fine place. I wouldn't object to a life interest in it—eh, Ken?" "Not at all," laughed Kenneth Mayfield, "especially if the charming young owner of it all was thrown into the bargain."

"So the owner of Viewlands is a young lady? and unmarried, if I interpret you aright, and interesting. There's a chance for me, Ken."

Corey Roselyn nodded his head toward the handsome estate they had just ridden by, and then replacing his cigar in his mouth, leaned languidly back in the phaeton.

He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with an air of style and dash about him that many a young girl considered irresistible; a fair-haired, tawny-mustached gentleman, who twirled his cane and danced the *doux temps* to perfection.

Just now, attired in an immaculate suit of white linen, with tiny diamond studs, collar and sleeve-buttons, and a Panama hat, Mr. Corey Roselyn certainly deserved the reputation he had earned of being remarkably good looking and tasteful; at any rate, he himself thought so, if others didn't.

"So the mistress of Viewlands is single," he began again, half dreamily. "And that would suit me to a T. I tell you what it is, Ken, it's all very well for a fellow so long as he has only himself to support off twenty-five hundred a year, but when it comes

to a wife and establishment—well, it would n't do for me."

Mr. Kenneth Mayfield was looking very seriously at the landscape at his side of the carriage, while Corey spoke.

"Y-e-s, I really think it wouldn't do for you. You are hardly domestic enough in your feelings, while at the same time you have no right to go flirting about as you do, first this pretty face, then that."

Roselyn laughed lightly.

"Such a sobersides as yourself is scarcely a judge in such matters, although I suppose even you will not disdain to attend Miss Elgin's reception at Viewlands—if you are honored—hello, there!"

All of a sudden the ponies he was driving shied at an unsightly stump on the roadside, and bounded frightfully forward.

There was a momentary flutter of a gray dress, a little scream, a fall, a scramble in the dust, and just as Kenneth Mayfield sprang to the ground to the rescue of the girl, Corey succeeded in reining in his ponies. "Confound the luck! Bonny Belle's—" but Kenneth's voice interrupted him.

"Never mind the horses now, Roselyn. We've nearly run over this young girl—you're sure you are not hurt in the least?"

And Kenneth turned solicitously toward her.

"Oh, not at all, only very much frightened."

It was not a beautiful face that was turned toward Corey Roselyn; there was too vivid a sunburn on the cheeks, and the hair too frowsy. Sundry blackberry stains on both face, dress and hands added to the general negligence of appearance—so Corey Roselyn turned his attention again to Bonny Belle.

"Come along, Ken," he said, after a moment or two, "it's getting on toward six. Where's the use fussing over a blackberry girl? we'll come across scores of them, I'll warrant."

She shot him a sudden, piercing glance, then, before his own half-petulant eyes, dropped hers.

"Pert, into the bargain," he muttered. "Here, sis, take this quarter for the berries we've upset. Now come along, Ken."

The girl dropped a courtesy for the money, and with a little nod to Kenneth, crossed over the roadside into the path, and walked rapidly away.

It was a magnificent place, as Kenneth Mayfield had said, was "Viewlands," with its beauties of park and parterre, its miniature lakes and islands, arbors and summer-houses, shady dells and sunny glades; its fountains, marble-floored halls, its wide bay-windows, rare conservatories. And to-night, when Miss Elgin gave her first reception after her three years' tour in Germany, Viewlands was a perfect fairy land; and among the fairies, Gussie Elgin reigned queen supreme.

Few of her guests had ever seen her before, and among the gentlemen there was a perfect *furor*.

Such rare, *petite* beauty as Gussie Elgin's never was matched. She was the tiniest little thing, with a complexion the tints of wine-dashed snow. Eyes large and darkly blue, and short, wavy hair of pale, flossy gold.

In her trailing white dress, with its pale pink moss roses, the only ornaments, Gussie Elgin was the fairest of the fair, and among all the hearts laid on her shrine at first sight, Corey Roselyn's might have been ranked first and foremost.

"Isn't she divine?" he whispered to Kenneth, as the two feasted their eyes on her spirituelle face.

"Divine!" echoed Kenneth, "she's an angel!"

"And I've succeeded in obtaining her hand for the third Lanciers—don't you envy me? I tell you what it is, Ken, I'm going in for Viewlands and the charming proprietress, *entre nous*."

"Oh, Mr. Roselyn! I'm so glad you have come in time for a little chat before the dance. Shall we sit down by the window? Somehow you seem so like some one I met once before."

And the bewitching little lady leaned more heavily on his arm, and looked up into his face with the most captivating glances imaginable.

"I'm sure I never before had the delight of meeting you, Miss Elgin. If I had I should have improved it long before now."

"Yes!" and Gussie laughed lightly. "Oh, Mr. Roselyn, do tell me who that fine-looking gentleman is, yonder?—the one with the dark, serious eyes, and heavy beard. He was with you then—when you came this evening?"

A sudden little hesitancy in her speech; but Corey was too intoxicated to observe it?

"He—oh! that is Mr. Mayfield, I believe, a solemn sort of fellow—not at all your style, Miss Elgin."

"But I admire solemn gentlemen; especially when they are of sympathetic disposition. A kind word is more than money, Mr. Roselyn."

Somehow Corey wondered "what she was acting at," and he assented very gravely, "that indeed it was true."

"Then, Mr. Roselyn, take my advice and remember to practice it."

He bowed, utterly at a loss to follow her meaning.

"Really, Miss Elgin, though it is very pleasant for me to follow whatever course you dictate, I cannot imagine wherein I have erred."

She smiled, a little distantly, this time.

"Will this jog your memory?" She held a twenty-five cent stamp before his eyes.

"The day I went blackberrying you gave it to me, and I shall keep it always. Now, will you introduce me to Mr. Mayfield?"

Corey Roselyn did not soon forget his lesson, and although still hunting for a rich wife, he takes care what he says to people, as he expects to come across a princess in disguise one of these days.

At Dunstable, Mass., in 1651, dancing at weddings was forbidden; in 1660 William Walker was imprisoned one month for courting a maid without the leave of her parents; in 1765, because "there is manifest pride appearing in our streets," the wearing of long hair or periwigs, "superstitious ribbons" was forbidden; also, men were forbidden to "keep Christmas, as it was a Popish custom." In 1677 a "cage" was erected near the meeting-house for the confinement of Sabbath-breakers, and John Atherton, a soldier, was fined forty shillings for wetting a piece of an old hat to put into his shoes.